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CHEFS D'ŒUVRE
OF THE
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE
BY
W. WALTON A. SAGLIO V. CHAMPIER.

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CHEFS - D'ŒUVRE
OF THE
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE
1900

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BERTALAN KARLOVSZKY
PORTRAIT OF MME. HELTAI

ETCHED IN FOUR PLATES BY CHARLES-R. THÉVENIN

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, 1900

THE
CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE

ART AND ARCHITECTURE
BY

W. WALTON*

APPLIED ART
BY

V. CHAMPIER

CENTENNIAL AND RETROSPECTIVE
BY

A. SAGLIO



VOLUME IV

PHILADELPHIA.

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GERMANY, AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY



HUGO KAUFFMANN. VENUS ANADYOMENE
Statuette of bronze, silver & onyx



Fritz von Uhde THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

THE ART OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE

If we may believe the chroniclers of the contemporary art of Germany, the conditions affecting its development have been so peculiar that it becomes difficult for English readers to form an accurate conception of the state of affairs preceding the present revival of painting and the applied and decorative arts,—for revival there is, necessarily. One of these peculiar conditions is the decentralization which is the distinguishing character of German culture. Unlike France, or England,

or the United States, Germany does not possess, and has not for centuries, one great common metropolis of taste and the arts, and this notwithstanding the political unification of the Fatherland. It is true that this preëminence has been claimed at times for various cities, as Düsseldorf and Munich,—the latter particularly during the Renaissance of that unfortunate patron, King Ludwig, and even at the present time, but these reigns have been either ephemeral or disputed. "Munich remains the chief school of German painting, while Berlin has developed into the chief art market, owing to its being made the core of the country's wealth:" "The time when Munich was the leading art centre of Germany is past. It is still a working centre, but the picture market has been removed to Berlin. Only in matters of applied art has Munich retained its leading position;"—according to two historians, both writing in the present year of grace, 1900. The predominance of Berlin as capital of the empire is obvious, and will probably continue to extend; Dresden, in emulation of Munich, is striving for a leading position; in Hamburg, Carlsruhe, and Stuttgart, there are art schools imbued with the modern spirit, and a popular art movement that encourages the development of a local art industry. King Ludwig's Golden Age of the Arts is now not even treated with respect. "From that period originates the Munich Renaissance architecture, in which style the Southern German Architecture was benumbed for decades. And the people's soul will not explain this direction, because the splendid Hellenic buildings do not by any means agree with the Munich citizen's beer-joviality. It was not the art of the people: it was a whim of the king. The king's influence has ceased—and the South German artistic development remained stationary," says one of our historians.

The very beginning of the revival is placed immediately after the close of the war of 1870-1871, previous to which both taste and technical skill had fallen to a point lower than any that had been known in either France or England. With the quickening pulse of the united



FRANZ VON LENBACH
MY DAUGHTER

PHOTOGRAVURE

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nation came a consciousness of the baseness of the contemporary art, and a determination to infuse new life into it; this was done at first by imitating the work of the old German masters of the period of the Renaissance; this "Old German" style ignored any expression of individual ideas, contented itself with copying, and prevailed for some ten years. The growing feeling for originality, for invention, first manifested itself in the arts of drawing for reproduction and of the engraver, the draftsmen producing original inventions in black and white, reverting to the use of outline, and, as they found but little encouragement in the illustrated papers, contributing largely to the success of the new periodicals, *Jugend*, *Pan*, and *Simplicissimus*, which still maintain a unique position among art journals. In other fields of applied and decorative art the progress was more slow, the few designs for textiles and ceramics bearing evidences of originality and talent which appeared at exhibitions were seldom carried into execution; the furniture of German workmanship in which an attempt had been made to work out the details with an artistic purpose finding no popular demand to encourage it. As late as five years ago, the modern movement in the applied arts was comparatively unknown in Germany. The first determined effort was made at the Munich Exhibition of 1897, where a small number of young painters and sculptors—Obrist, Riemerschmid, and the architects Fischer and Drifler—succeeded in obtaining two small spaces in the Munich Crystal Palace, which they fitted up and decorated with objects of artistic design. This demonstration was a great success; it excited universal attention, and almost every article was sold. Encouraged by this reception, the associated artists organized their efforts in closer connection with handicraft, not losing sight of the commercial ends; adopting the idea of William Morris, that the inventive artist, the manual craftsman, and the distributing shopkeeper must at least be in intimate alliance, they formed "The United Workshops of Arts and Crafts," to establish workshops where, at first, embroidery and cabinet work were to be produced, and,

in the course of time, every kind of applied art. In the spring of 1899, the association displayed its first productions in the Crystal Palace at Munich and in the great Art Exhibition in Berlin, and it is gradually enrolling in its ranks, it is claimed, the best decorative and applied art in Germany. The aim in view in all this work is the practical use of pictorial ideas; there is much pictorial detail in the furniture, in the lace and textile goods; color and line are considered more than the plane.

In the broader fields of art, the representative innovator may be said to be Franz Stuck, who, in the exhibition in the Crystal Palace in Munich in 1889, made his début as a painter with three pictures, having previously established his reputation as a most bold and original designer in two books on industrial art, "Allegories and Emblems" and "Prints and Vignettes," and in the pages of *Fliegende Blätter* and other publications. In fact, the admirers of this artist do not hesitate to ascribe to him alone the honor of bringing about the revival, the quickening of the national taste,—“German art, as it now is,” says Professor Schultze-Naumburg, “would be inconceivable without Franz Stuck; it was he who succeeded in taking the painting of a whole country out of a groove, and starting it in a new path; his influence is to be seen in each single effort of German art.” In both invention and technique this originality is manifest; in the prodigious amount of his work already before the public,—he was born in 1863,—there is but very little repetition, but there is, inevitably, much that is unworthy, with a tendency to coarseness or tastelessness, and also a great deal that in its imaginative power is most surprising. The academic is conspicuously absent; in the revival of the old themes, classic and otherwise, there is distinctly a new breath of life, and though the weird and the mysterious have great attractions for him, he is by no means incapable of rendering grace and beauty, and, in his landscape studies, a very pleasant, subtle charm. As draftsman, painter, and sculptor, his technical skill is surprising, and excites the frank admiration of the Parisian critics at the Exposition of 1900;—“it is by

Rubens, and at the same time by Böcklin, that, in his *Paradise Lost* and his *Bacchanal*, so full of color and movement, is inspired a *peintre robuste*, of a most spirited brush-work and of an astonishing technical skill, M. Franz Stuck," says M. Auguste Marguillier in his résumé of the foreign art in the Grand Palais. The painting of the naked body of Eve, in the first named, was one of the most brilliant pieces of flesh-painting in the whole exhibition,—though it must be said that the entire theme of the expulsion from Paradise, the angel with the fiery sword and Adam himself seemed to be sacrificed to this luminous and admirable flesh; in the *Bacchanal*, the extraordinary novelty and spirit of the conception were carried out with an equally extraordinary skill in painting. This theme of the Expulsion, of the Tempting with the Apple, of Eve alone with her serpent, sometimes coiled around her white body; of the Sphinx, sometimes alone in her wilderness, and at another, clasping her lover passionately



FRANZ STUCK. PORTRAIT.

with cruel claws while she kisses his mouth; of an appalling Lucifer, sitting alone in the nether gloom with incandescent greenish eyes; of the genius of War, riding naked on a black horse across a field packed with naked corpses; of a whole mythology of nymphs and mermaidens and centaurs and hairy-legged fauns, presented in twilight and mysterious scenes that suggest all the unfamiliarity to us of the life of primitive nature,—these are the subjects which Stuck loves. His bronze statuettes—an athlete putting up a heavy ball and quivering with the effort, a wounded centaur clasping his side, an Amazon deflecting her horse's neck that she may throw her javelin directly ahead—show the same originality and technical ability, and at the same time a certain sense of style that the innovators by no means always possess.

The old art, against which this revolution of the younger men was directed, is variously described, as the tedious and pretentious painting of allegories (to which the German taste so long inclined), “the manikins of Piloty;” the dull and commonplace painting of scenes from daily life, petrified in academic formulas, heavy with a dull and false color, the everlasting incidents from the Tyrol by Defregger, the peasants of Vautier and of so many others; in 1889, when Stuck made his début as a painter, unqualified naturalism was the watchword, and all works of fancy and imagination were banished. Even the paintings of Ludwig Knaus are now condemned as “heavy and false,” as “anecdotic,” as determined to entertain the spectator, if not to amuse him, and as thereby exceeding artistic requirements,—and this more or less humorous genre painting, so greatly in favor thirty or forty years ago, seemed at one time destined to become the chief aim of German art. In this unqualified condemnation of Knaus at least, and possibly of Vautier, the moderns undoubtedly display lack of judgment,—the pictures of the former, frequently good in tone and color, excellent in drawing and in detail, give evidence of such keenness of observation and such skill in rendering character and expression, that they are still entitled to hang on the walls of the national



F. M. BREDT

SUSANNA

PHOTOGRAVURE

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pantheon. In its appreciation of his many compositions, reproduced by photography and engraving, as of the admirable and diverting *Jewish Quarter* of the Paris Exposition, the public displays better judgment than the intolerant critics. Most of the great names of former times are now thus handed over to contumely; Professor Max Liebermann, who is described by his admirers as "a revolutionist," congratulates himself that he was not influenced during his sojourn in Paris by Munkácsy,—now qualified by the French as "a bottle of ink," and by the Germans as "that unjustly famous Hungarian painter, whose pictures were besmeared with asphalt on which there were white lights with colored, generally red, laths." Liebermann's qualifications as a leader of reforms are considered to lie in the fact that he overturned the old-fashioned way of painting employed by Makart and Munkácsy and all the Munich painters, and discovered local color and the infinite variations that it undergoes from its surroundings. As we have seen in a preceding volume, he professes great admiration for the French painter Degas, and even permits himself the impudence of speaking of "the still living (though long dead) Gérôme." His subjects are the usual scenes of daily life, presented without other care than that of giving a faithful representation of nature,—in his canvases the ordinary observer will perceive painting that is very good, but scarcely "revolutionary."

In a number of *Jugend* of three or four years ago, the various art fashions that have prevailed in Germany within the last quarter-century were summed up in a literary and pictorial satire that is quite sufficiently founded on fact to be worth quoting as a résumé. It was presented with a series of "Portraits of the Painter Modeslaw Manierewicz, by Himself," reproduced from the originals. The explanatory text is thus freely translated by Mr. Gleeson White: "(1) As may be seen from these eight portraits, M. Manierewicz has passed through all the styles of painting fashionable at Munich since 1878. In No. 1 we have his portrait painted in 1875 (good old school); motto: 'Once I was a youth with curly hair.'

In No. 2 we have his likeness in faint Munich light (1880). Sauce hollandaise; genial mood of the studio; brown in brown; masterly treatment of still-life [the beer-mug]—unmistakable influence of Franz von Defregger. No. 3 (1885) is '*plein air*,' in chalk and spinach, all browns carefully avoided. Device: 'True rather than beautiful;' exactly done as by a camera (see the right hand). The artist's homely love of nature is apparent even in the frame, which is made out of the lid of a chest. No. 4 (1888) is Impressionist in the seven colors of the spectrum. The exact impression made by the picture is obtained if you look at the sun for five minutes, about the time of sunset, then at the model, then at a white wall. Observe the rococo frame in green gold upon strawberry-colored plush. No. 5 (1890) is *à la Lenbach*, painted under the influence of the works of that master, in the Glass palace. Best three-hundred-years-old-gallery-tone, with soulful painting. Notice the expression of the eyes, and the newest 'antique' frame! No. 6 (1892), Symbolist, with aniline chromatic treatment. Naïve, *intime*, and full of 'feeling.' Influence of Botticelli not to be denied. The painter's depth and sincerity shown in the monogram. No. 7 (1894), dotted, *style vibriste*; prismatic colors, with masterly use of complementary opposites. To be looked at with half-closed eyes, through the hollow of the hand, from a distance. No. 8, *à la* title-page of *Jugend*. Portrait of the artist, together with the whole of human life and some things bordering on it. Wonderful! the deeply intellectual slate-pencil art of the end of the century."

As will be seen, the art of the satirist is satirized with the rest, and quite as severely. In this latter composition is shown a widely extended landscape with a river running through it, and the rising (or the setting) sun on the horizon; in this landscape appear Agriculture, Commerce, Traffic (ship, roads, bridge, bicycles, etc.), Religion (a church and a cemetery), Death, symbolized by a funeral; in the sky may be seen a balloon and a skull and cross-bones radiating light; in the upper right-hand corner of the picture appears a small section of the face of the



EDMUND REICHENBACH. SILENUS AND FAUN

artist, with one eye closed, and his thumb and forefinger may be seen at the edge of the bottom. *Jugend* itself does not meddle much with this elaborate symbolism,—its covers being generally simple and very clever studies of a head or a figure or a group, of very obvious import, or of none at all,—but examples of this “deeply intellectual slate-pencil art” may be found. One of the most striking examples, and one peculiarly German in its heaviness, its ugliness, and its deep spiritual significance, is furnished by the art of Sascha Schneider, which, three or four years ago, was enjoying great popularity, deeply discussed by the critics and reproduced in the art journals. These works consisted of very large cartoons, exhibited in Dresden, and with both familiar and unfamiliar titles;—in the *Helplessness of Man against Destiny*, the son of Adam stands naked and chained, with drooping head, before an immense black Being watching him with lurid eyes, extended on the ground in front of him and enclosing him within the sweep of its encircling arms; in *One is Not*, a very unpleasant Christ, nude to the waist, stands in front of His cross, apparently preaching to a sordid multitude at His feet, gathered in a vast

hall; behind Him, the Fiend, in the shape of a gigantic ape with bat's wings, clammers upon the cross and blows fire and smoke through the upper portion of the hall. The naked *Anarchist* throws a lighted bomb into a great temple lined with Assyrian winged bulls; in *The Second Meeting (Christ and Judas)*, which takes place in some undefined region, a repulsive, black-bearded, Saviour, wearing a thorn-embroidered gown, sits and gazes steadily at the unfaithful disciple, kneeling before him, in the grasp of a demon and an angel, and offering in his agony the purse of gold to the Master. Behind the latter are two half-nude, unprepossessing models posing as angels,—one upholding the cross, and the other presenting the crown of thorns on an immense platter. In fact, in all the figures, in this and other compositions, there is evident only the labored drawing from the nude model, or a most cheap and crude invention. And yet these pretentious and ignorant productions were received with interest and appreciation,—taken seriously, instead of being promptly rejected.

This is not the only instance in which M. Manierewicz has contrived to hit off the prevailing style in his portraits. His No. 5, *à la Lenbach*, "with soulful painting," is scarcely an exaggeration of the lengths to which that "master" carries his intensity of expression in his sitter's portraits,—even in his own, holding his little girl's head against his cheek. Father and daughter alike scowl at the inoffensive spectator from under bent brows, and this dramatic aspect, and a somewhat heavy handling and opacity of color, characterize particularly his portraits of men, of which among the best are that of Bismarck, of Döllinger of the Museum of Brussels, and the Mommsen shown at the Paris Exposition. Even in the standing portrait of his young daughter, in red, at the latter exhibition, there is a tragic suggestion; but in that of her elder sister, smiling and holding the muzzle of an unappreciative and unworthy poodle against her fair young cheek, there is a freshness and radiance of color and expression that are charming.



G. WENDLING

INTERIOR OF A CHURCH

PHOTOGRAVURE



John W. Wendling
1898

Many of the older men, however, escape these criticisms, serious and jocose, from the younger generation, and among these thus comparatively exempt is the veteran Menzel, now in his eighty-fifth year, and still to the fore. His works, still marked by that search for absolute veracity, by that characteristic of energetic intelligence, which was long ago attributed to them, are compared by some of the Parisian critics to those of Meissonier, to whom he is declared to be much superior. This, however, is an extremely superficial observation,—Meissonier's careful little studies, as every one knows, in tempered light and with most carefully chosen themes, always guarding a sense of style and avoiding, like the plague, all that ugliness, that vulgarity, that commonness and more than photographic veracity of living type of which the Berlin painter portrays so much in his scenes of popular life. It is probable that his keenness of observation and sureness of rendering are greater than Meissonier's, but the latter's theory and practice of art were widely different. Menzel's genre subjects are, however, still accepted, while those of Vautier, Knaus, Defregger, *et al.*, as we have seen, are rejected by the moderns. The last-named, twenty years younger than Menzel, was born in the Tyrol, and thus has some claim to constitute himself, as it were, the official painter of that region, an honor which he shared with Matthias Schmid and Alois Gabl,—unfortunately, he early fell into mannerisms and conventionalities in his renderings of the sturdy mountaineers, in peace and in war. At the Paris Exposition he is represented by a *Council of War*, held by Andreas Hofer and his peasant leaders, that compares but badly with some of his earlier canvases, in both conception and execution, as the *Last Levy*, of all the able-bodied men, armed with clubs and implements of husbandry, now in the Belvedere Gallery, in Vienna. Knaus, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated in the winter of 1899–1900 by an exhibition of his works in the Berlin Art Academy, was connected with the reform movement in that institution in 1875, and accepted the professorship in one of the Master-Ateliers. His long career of

successful appreciation has not been by any means one of merely popular favor,—both at home and abroad he has been honored by his professional brethren, and in Paris, in 1867, received the grand medal of honor of the Exposition Universelle from the hands of the Emperor.

Benjamin Vautier, professor of painting in Düsseldorf, one year younger than Knaus, died two years ago,—Swiss by birth, he studied art in Geneva, Düsseldorf, and Paris, and received medals in the latter city in 1865, 1866, and 1878, and in the latter year the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. His scenes of German and Swiss peasant life were considered so serious that we find the Berlin *Zeitschrift* saying of him, some years ago: . . . “the wine-merchant on the Rhine differs from the beer-merchant in Bavaria, and the *Spieszbürger* of a Westphalian middle city, who is happily placed between beer and wine, is again a different person. Vautier has so well hit this characteristic trait-painting, that he proves himself not only to have studied closely, but that he has given rein to a natural genius for such conceptions.” Professor Liezen-Mayer, of the Munich Academy, one of the celebrated pupils of Piloty, died two years ago, full of official honors; a year later passed away another painter, still better known abroad, Adolph Schreyer, whose Arab scenes first began their successful career, at the Paris Salons, after his return from his tour through Syria, Egypt, Tunis, and Algeria, in 1856. Two years before, he had followed the Austrian army through the campaign in the principalities on the Danube, and painted the episodes of the combats. His reputation as a painter of horses, at one time apparently eclipsed by that of younger artists, seems likely to perpetuate itself in a later day when his serious qualities are recognized. Wilhelm Leibl still lives, and still paints the humble life of the poor with a fidelity that is sometimes too literal, and thus defeats its own aims. It is recorded of him, that, being once reproached with the exceeding ugliness of his type selected, he replied: “Can anything be more beautiful than Nature?” His *In a Little Town*, in the Paris Exposition, with its solitary watcher at the window, has,

however, a greater breadth, a moving suggestion of the dull monotony of the poor little village life.

One of the most striking instances of artistic versatility, of a painter abandoning for the moment the serious purpose of his art—taken very



WALTER FIRLE THE WOMEN AND THE CRUCIFIED

seriously—to occupy himself with a most widely differing theme, is furnished by Gabriel Max, once, probably, much more famous than he is now. Born in Prague, but early removing from Vienna to the more congenial atmosphere of Munich, he exhibits in both the Austrian and German galleries, and, as it happens, one example of his two moods in

each, but, that which might be called the Munich theme among the Viennese painters, and the unspiritual and humorous example among the graver Prussians and Bavarians. The aim of Max's art has been defined to be the representation of suffering womanhood, sometimes saintly and sometimes secular, and his painting has been reproached with its sickly anæmic quality; in the Austrian galleries appears an example, entitled *The Sleeping Clairvoyant of Prévort*, which seems to quite justify this reproach. Several years ago, his penchant for the pathetic led him so far as to one or two studies of sick monkeys in their cages, reproduced perhaps with too much human interest, but rendered with a comparatively solid and full brush, and with an excellent knowledge of his sitters. In his painting of monkeys posing as art connoisseurs, in the German galleries of the Exposition, this surprising equipment as an animal painter reappears, but the pathos, the sentiment, are replaced by a humor, a malice, that render this canvas one of the most notable of the many that have been executed in different ages in which the dumb beasts are made to take on human qualities. That natural enemy, the art critic, is here set forth under simian forms with a *vraisemblance*, both as monkeys and as men, that is surprising. The distance is not greater between these furry Sir Oracles, with their airs and their formulas, and the sleeping mystic in her white linen, than is the contrast between the colorless and thin painting of the latter and the robust and sapient rendering of the former. For an artist who maintained for many years the reputation of a visionary, of a recluse, living in a world of pure imagination, and somewhat shy and unsympathetic with his fellows, this picture is indeed remarkable.

Claus Meyer draws his inspiration from the old masters of the Low Countries, his small, most carefully rendered canvases, usually interiors, as the *Visit* of the Exposition, are declared by the Berlin critics as almost worthy to hang beside Van der Meer of Delft. Also suggestive of the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century, in theme as well as in



FRANZ SIMM

CONCERT BY AMATEURS

PHOTOGRAVURE



execution, are the pictures by August Holmberg, of Munich; the subordination of the well-rendered detail of the discreetly lit interiors to the presentation of the whole, to the scholarly and artistic restoration of this comfortable burgher or monastic life, being excellently carried out. Holmberg's small canvas, *A Savant*, was awarded the silver medal of the Exposition. Fritz von Uhde, though generally considered to belong to the modern school, and known principally to the latest generation by his Scriptural scenes in which Bavarian peasants take the place of the ancient Jewish ones, began, also, by emulating the seventeenth-century Dutchmen, and by producing pictures, as the *Family Concert* of 1881, in which every trace of modern influences was carefully suppressed. Exhibited at the Paris Salon in the same year, 1882, that this was in Berlin, was, however, his celebrated *Couturières*, a canvas which established his reputation in France by its successful treatment of that difficult problem of lighting whites and grays which is considered to be one of the modern painter's prerogatives. In some of his later works, however, as in the triptych of *The Nativity*, the values seem to disappear largely in the universal, dissolving gloom of the general tone.

Frederick Augustus von Kaulbach, the son of a cousin of the great William, is of the younger ancients, so to speak, and in his works in contemporary exhibitions gives no trace of the now very obsolete art of his august relative. Nicolaus Gysis is Greek by birth, but Munich by training; the result of this combination seems to be a greater grace, a lighter touch, in the Bavarian technique,—as in his very pretty *Springtime* of the Exposition, with its skilfully managed harmonies of the palest and most silvery tones. More academic is Professor Ferdinand Keller, of the Karlsruhe Art School, represented in the Exposition by a large half-length study of a Walkyrie checking her immortal steed. Paul Meyerheim is that one of this numerous family of artists who paints animals, and his favorite occupation is burlesquing poor humanity by means of the monkeys. Some of his canvases, however, are equally ingenious and perfectly

serious, and his *Menagerie* is still exhibited in important exhibitions as one of his representative works. Even better known abroad is Carl Becker, still extant and still painting important canvases with a suggestion of fatal facility but in which may be discovered artistic qualities by no means too common,—and also a very great uniformity of texture. Still extant, also, and still exposing, as representative German artists, are the Achenbachs, Andreas and Oswald; and, indeed, in the contemporary Berlin exhibitions, which follow each other,—five or six Salons in a season,—it is thought too closely, it is discovered that practically all the good work is furnished by artists whose eminence is already established, and much of it, moreover, of no recent date. Among these artists should be included Gustav Schönleber, painter and etcher, and Franz Skarbina, Professor of Anatomical Drawing in the Academy of Berlin, noted for the variety of his technical methods and the diversity of his subjects.

The influence of the old masters, sometimes amounting to very serious and by no means unskilful attempts to imitate them, is noticeably one of the characteristics of the contemporary art of Germany,—notwithstanding the new school of the Worpswediens and the three “Secessions,” of Munich, Düsseldorf, and Berlin. E. von Gebhardt, for example, paints a resurrection of Lazarus, a large and crowded composition, in very close imitation of the methods of the North German primitive painters, correcting only somewhat the mediævalism of their drawing; the *Nativity* of Von Uhde, the *Saint Christopher* of Wilhelm Steinhausen, are founded on this earlier art; some of the works of Albert von Keller, as his *Herodias* and his sketch of the raising of Jairus’s daughter, and the *Descent from the Cross* of Walter Firle, are considered to have been inspired by Rubens (principally in color),—but the latter suggests rather a combination of Manet and Delacroix. These examples, and the paintings of Claus Meyer, Holmberg, and others, demonstrate that the strictly modern movement has not swept all before it.

This modern movement, of which we hear so much in all commentaries upon all the contemporary schools of the day, without regard to nationality, includes such an apparently inchoate conglomeration of aspirations, ideals, limitations, and productions, that no one formula, however comprehensive, can be expected to set it off. Not even the claims of the apostles of Impressionism some years ago—they pretended to include painters from Bastien Le Page and Dagnan-Bouveret to Manet and Monet in their one list—were so all-embracing. The names of the artists in the different European countries who are declared to be all workers in this common cause represent such widely differing things that not even the proverbial looseness of artistic nomenclature can consistently lump them together,—in England, Walter Crane and William Morris, naturally, the Glasgow School, and such innovators as Byam



GABRIEL MAX MONKEYS

Shaw; in France, as we have just said, every artist of distinction or of ability who was not too closely allied with the Institut and the Académie—for the Impressionists are your best haters of the conventional and the traditional; in Belgium, men as far apart as Khnopff, Léon Fréderick, and Constantin Meunier; in Holland, Veth, Toorop, and Van Hoytema; in Norway, the fantastic Gerhard Munthe; in Germany, painters that have as little in common as Stuck and Liebermann, Von Uhde and Böcklin, and, in general, all the Secessionists of the three cities and the new *Worpsweder*. Of course, it can be claimed justly that all these diverse manifestations are against the perpetuation of the old formulas, but this seems to be their only bond of union. Nevertheless, we find the contemporary chroniclers endeavoring to define the modern movement in such general terms as these, by M. Paul Leprieur, in a recent article on the art movement of Germany during the last five years:

“It cannot be denied, the wind of Idealism blows more and more strongly, more and more triumphantly. [He does not say *idéalité*, but *idéalisme*.] It is not in France alone that, with the costumes, with the exterior appearance and the cast-off garments of Romanticism, something of the souls of past times has slipped into our own. The impulse which carries us forward is almost universal throughout Europe. Everywhere there has uprisen and is surging forward a second generation of dreamers, of lyric poets, closely united at heart to the first, but with peculiar qualities of their own, with novel refinements and delicacies, having profited by the progress already made and able to find, as if in mere sport, at the end of their brushes, that technical skill which the great ancestors were obliged to seek painfully, or of which they did not even suspect the existence. After all the platitudes, the commonplaces, the pale and impersonal photographic visions, the monotonous grayness of tonality, into which Realism had allowed itself to be drawn, under the pretext of truth and of *plein air*, what was more natural, more logically necessary, than a return to the emotions and the imagination,—to



CARL SEILER

FREDERICK THE GREAT TRAVELLING

ETCHED BY LÉON LAMBERT

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C. L. Lippincott 1898

the energetic modelling, the vibrating color, the grand decision, of style? The subjects have changed, like the execution, like the manner of comprehending them and of painting them. Poesy is born again to-day, so much the more active and living that she has been long confined, embellishing all that she touches, strengthening by a vigorous synthesis, rendering more forceful and more strikingly true everything, even to scenes of common observation and of simple nature. And at the same time—result unfailing but apparently paradoxical—the decorative arts, the arts formerly called industrial or servile, perceive the number of their practitioners increase from day to day. There is no object, however humble, of daily use, matter so disdained, that does not become spiritualized and refined, that does not take on form and grace under the hands of the artists; as if the intelligence, enamored of ideal perfection, could no longer endure around it in the world aught but harmony and beauty.”

La poésie and *idéalisme*, then, may be considered the inspiring forces of the modern revival of art in Europe, and in the sense of a larger and wiser and clearer way of comprehending and rendering the things of nature and of the imagination,—even the sordid and the pretentious and the trivial things,—this may be accepted; but it is giving the words a very wide meaning, indeed, to apply them to many of the manifestations of this renaissance. The claims of England to have inaugurated, and largely directed, this movement are, strange to say, frequently acknowledged on the Continent. Her freedom from political revolutions is thought to have had much to do with this, by enabling the ideas and the arts of peace to spring up and flourish in security; and, also, largely, that poetic instinct which is inherent in the race. But, the movement having been originated, Germany, although not one of the earliest to appreciate it, has distinguished herself by a genius, a national note, which marks her as one of the foremost competitors, and one who by force and originality of character may be said to give promise of yet leading in this great competition, as she does in many of the branches of commerce and science. This

distinction is not only claimed by her sons,—it is conceded, more or less willingly, by many of her rivals. This originality, this curious ability to create something virile,—and of a virility that, though it may cover all the fields of the visible and the invisible world, yet retains so strongly a certain national characteristic that it is nearly always possible to distinguish a German painting or design, no matter what the subject,—is by no means inconsistent with grace and refinement and beauty. Originality, however, is not confined to the new-comers; the “wearisome and pretentious” art of the elders, now so contemned, was quite capable of presenting entirely new and hitherto-unheard-of varieties of tedium and pretentiousness. The Germans are bad copyists; they give a Teutonic flavor to everything. The reproach of degeneracy, so freely pronounced upon the contemporary art and civilization of the French, by themselves as well as by their neighbors, has not yet been even thought of with regard to their formidable neighbors across the Rhine. And the German virility—to repeat the word for want of a better to express the qualities recognized as peculiarly German—is apparently much more capable of tenderness, of lightness of touch, in the new art than it was in the old. That clumsiness, that blundering love-making—like that of Æsop’s ass which insisted upon climbing into his master’s lap as he had seen the lap-dog do—which was so characteristic of much of the worser of the older art, seems to be largely incompatible with that of the moderns. The German Romanticism was, generally, much more absurd than the French,—or, disagreeable in another and more absurd fashion. The Viennese, it is generally recognized, are quicker witted and lighter handed than their fellows on the Spree and on the Isar, but the latter frequently give evidence of that saving grace of delicacy and suggestion, of a sort of imagination that suggests spirituality and aloofness, which is one of the very first qualities of good art. This is true particularly of the new landscape art of the whole country,—the charm, the mystery, the simplicity and at the same time the complexity of emotions, evoked by



FERDINAND KELLNER. PROMETHEUS.

many of these canvases, frequently of the simplest and most unambitious compositions or themes, are not alone owing to the greatly superior technical rendering. It is as though there had been not only an opening of eyes, but a quickening of souls. Some of the landscape-painting seen

in the exhibitions in Munich within the last seven years, and in the Austrian galleries, will be recognized as among the best of the nineteenth century,—possibly more entirely free from conventions and recipes, more original, than any other, and equally inspired, equally spiritual and poetical.

In this rapid transformation, the examples of foreign art first seen in the exhibitions of the Crystal Palace, or Glaspalast, in Munich played a very important part. The very first innovators are considered to have been men like Von Uhde and Liebermann, but their efforts were not sufficient to break the old traditions. The international expositions organized and carried out largely through the efforts of Adolf Paulus, secretary of the Glaspalast and, after the scission, secretary and administrator of the Secession, seemed to serve to bring about the national æsthetic awakening. In 1893 occurred the important revolt of the independents against the old academical institution in Munich, which the French compare to the inauguration of the Champ-de-Mars Salons in 1890; the opening of their exposition in protest, under the banner as it were, or with the official seal, of Stuck's curious head of Pallas with her helmet enclosed in a circle, was the great event. Similar societies were formed in other cities, in Dresden, in Berlin, and even in Düsseldorf, the very centre and seat of conventional and academical art. Even the ancient Society, of the Glaspalast, saw a new light, caught the new impulse. The intelligent exhibition of foreign works of art, particularly paintings, was encouraged still further, and to a greater extent than in other countries;—the first collective exhibition of the works of the Glasgow school was made in Munich, and has been followed by others; a collection of the works of Walter Crane, which had never been seen in France, made a tour through Germany; collections of the works of the Hollander, Toorop, and the Italian, Segantini, were also exhibited in Munich. And, to counterbalance all this foreign influence, there appeared that reversion to the traditions of the old German school, of which we have already



CLAUS MEYER

THE VISIT

PHOTOGRAVURE



spoken; German painting appeared to be about to found itself again on that of Dürer, Grünewald, and Baldung. From this error it was saved by the force and originality displayed by the younger men, and, among the elder ones, very largely by Böcklin, who, though born in Switzerland, is generally considered among the leaders of the modern German school,—so influential a leader, that a special term has been applied to his many followers, servile and other,—the *böckliniade*.

Nor was this all; in 1895, there appeared for the first time in the exhibition in the Glaspalast the work of the little group of painters and designers known as the *Worpsweder*, from the name of their favorite locality, work which excited the admiration, and even the envy a little, of the Secessionists themselves. These artists had been working for five or six years before this date, but modestly and in obscurity. On a poster designed by Heinrich Vogeler for a little exhibition of their works in 1896, appear six names,—his own, those of Hans am Ende, Fritz Mackensen, Otto Modersohn, Fritz Overbeck, and Carl Vinnen. Overbeck, Modersohn, and Am Ende, painters or etchers, are landscapists; Vogeler is the mystic, the teller of fairy stories; and Mackensen, the painter of the daily life around him. Their association is in no respect a formal one,—they holding in horror all formulas and academical organizations, but merely a voluntary union, inspired by common sympathies and by a common appreciation of the peculiar charm of the district in which they have established themselves and which they have rendered famous. Worpswede is a poor little village between Bremen and Hamburg, surrounded by vast stretches of marshes and waste-lands so forbidding that the popular name for the neighborhood is *Teufelsmoor*, the Devil's Marsh,—“frequented only by humble turf-gatherers, and where, at intervals along the solitary canals, rise thin birch-trees with silver trunks, here and there an oak, or miserable thatched cottages, the low roofs of which are covered with lichens and moss, all fallen in upon themselves, fearful and huddled together, almost without openings, like

the dens of sorcerers which the traveller fears to pass." But in this desolate region the painters have found a charm, of intimacy, of suggestion, of mystery and poverty and simplicity, which they have known how to render, in all sincerity, without tricks and without pretence. The French, who refer all art manifestations of whatever kind to the corresponding events in their own history, declare this to be a species of younger sister of the old Barbizon school, but the resemblance does not seem to be very close.

As has been said, the derivations and ramifications of this new movement are so varied that it is difficult to keep in view any one common purpose running through them all. One of the forerunners, for example, is considered to be Moritz von Schwind, and in 1896, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death, there was exhibited, in the official salon of the Glaspalast in Munich, a representative collection of his works, or a collection as nearly representative as it was found practicable to get together. Schwind was one of the very last survivors of the Romantic school; he lived and worked at a period when the art of Germany was very much in the bonds of convention, and his work naturally bears many of the signs of the times, especially in the most important examples, as the *Cinderella* and the *Beautiful Melusina*, immense illustrations of fairy stories. The latter, executed in water-colors, is two feet high and six or eight feet long, the labor of love of ten years' duration; the design is heavy and "German," the compositions are ingenious and in a measure original, but almost completely lacking in the peculiarly modern qualities, a sapiency, a reserve force, a species of bigness of conception and sense of the tragic and the unseen. And yet Böcklin, in whose best works these qualities are preëminent, is stated by some of the generalizing modern critics to be a lineal descendant of Schwind,—as is also Hans Thoma, who resembles Böcklin only in this species of suppressed tenseness, or power, which is felt behind his presentations of the scenes of every-day life, the little life of the village,



ALBERT VON KELLER

HERODIAS

PHOTOGRAVURE



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FRANZ STUCK

BACCHANAL

PHOTOGRAVURE

the tangible and poverty stricken. Böcklin, as is well known, finds not only his subjects, but his inspiration, in all lands and climes, Greek and Gothic, pagan and contemporary, but as a native of Basle his place is properly among the artists of Switzerland. Thoma is represented in the Exposition only by a small landscape; and Böcklin, not at all.

Also unfortunately absent, from the German section, is another leader, Max Klinger, painter, sculptor, and etcher, and who, in one of the manifestations of his many-sided talent, imports into this modern movement much of the sombreness and grim humor of the Old German. In his lighter moods, he is either realistic or decorative; but in that class of his work which, apart from its ingenuity of technique, may be considered to be peculiarly characteristic, as in his etchings, he is, as has been said, "more concerned with ethics than with æsthetics." His allegories and his preachments range through a very wide field; in his two series of etchings, *Vom Tode*, reappear several times that Dance of Death which has had such an attraction for German artists, from Dürer and Holbein to Rethel, Joseph Sattler, and the *Jugend* illustrators. Klinger's illustrations of the theme are mainly modern, as in the scene of the shipwrecked sailors on a lonely rock, menaced by enormous tortoises, or in the railroad cutting with the Skeleton stretched comfortably across the track. In these, it is noticeable, the quality of the design is frequently much higher, much more free from German mannerisms, than in many of his other themes,—the interpretation of Brahms's music, the modern *Dramas*,—as a street barricade with its fighters, the dead and wounded, and one wretch, stiff with fright, flattening himself behind a kiosk,—the classic subjects, the *Eve and the Future*, etc. His reasons for preferring this medium for works of the imagination are set forth, not very convincingly, in a publication entitled *Painting and Design*: "Color is for realistic art, and for that chiefly, and Wonderland is far better depicted by the art of black and white, which has its convention so far removed from Nature that it sets one's imagination at play to

complete the impression it has conveyed by hints and suggestions more than by direct statement." A large collection of his drawings and etchings was exhibited in London in the early months of 1898, and very favorably received, though the prefatory note to the catalogue contained the very inapposite statement that, "in England, the mysticism of to-day means misery, sorrowfulness, and sadness; in Germany, idealism, which is the same thing, means gladness, life, and gaiety."

In the Berlin National Gallery, the *Königlichen National-Galerie*, among the representative works of the older school, are many in which may be perceived signs and indications of the new one. One of the most notable variations of the Dance of Death is Professor Gustaf Adolf Spangenberg's *Der Zug des Todes*, in which the Skeleton, in hood and gown, tinkling a bell as he goes, takes his way across a desolate plain, and young and old, beggars and bishops and mounted warriors, fall into his procession as they hear his summons. On the left, a poor widow seated by the roadside, stretches her hands imploringly that she may not be left behind; on the right, a stout halberdier takes leave of his weeping wife. This picture appeared in the Paris Exposition of 1878. The artist has also portrayed scenes in the life of Luther, but more in the older methods. In this gallery, also, is preserved a painting which excited much attention when it first appeared, and which was also seen at the Exposition Universelle of 1878, the *Last Supper* of Carl Franz Eduard von Gebhardt; the homely realism of the types of the Saviour and His disciples, and the sincerity and piety of the rendering, were welcomed at the time as the indication of a new impulse in the conventional art of the period. "We may rejoice to meet such an artist as Gebhardt in our day," said the Berlin *Zeitschrift* in 1872. Even Rudolf Friedrich Henneberg's *Chase of Fortune* (*Jagd nach dem Glück*), while it is a certain labored allegory in the conventional German manner, betrays yet such a good science of design, not unmixed with a decorative feeling and, almost, a touch of levity, which redeem it, that it might pass very well for a



AUGUST HOLMBERG

A SAVANT

PHOTOGRAVURE

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Jugend illustration of to-day. A mounted *Junker* in sixteenth-century costume gallops headlong after the nude floating figure with fluttering draperies which drifts just ahead of him, on her rolling ball, scattering gold and beckoning him on; the narrow bridge over which they go narrows to a single beam, just ahead of him, and Death, with his torn banner, gallops beside him. Under the horses lies the poor hapless wife, or sweetheart, overturned in this mad chase. This painter was a pupil of Couture at one time. Also a pupil of this French master was Professor Otto Knille, one of the most celebrated and successful of the mural and decorative painters of Germany of some twenty years ago. In the Berlin Gallery he is represented by his *Tannhäuser und Venus*, of 1873, also a famous picture in its day,—the crystal grotto of the goddess very well arranged with its festoons, its draperies, and its Cupids; she, herself, very graceful and seducing, as she endeavors to retain the minstrel, and he, striking an attitude and running his fingers through his hair in the best German manner.

Also of this earlier period is another artist whose ingenuity and audacity seem to mark him for a leader in a revolt, Bruno Piglhein. At the Secession exhibition of 1894, he exhibited a work which may be taken for a fair example of his qualities,—a *Moritur in Deo*, the Saviour alone on His cross, the clouds under His feet, and a great robust angel stooping over Him from above and kissing His brow. At this exhibition, also, appeared a painting by Ludwig Herterich, *Dämmerung*, very beautiful in its low tones, a girl seated at her piano in the dusk, and which presents a most striking contrast to the tremendous piece of brush-work by which this painter is represented at the Paris Exposition,—an *Ulrich von Hutten*, “standing, sheathed in steel, in an attitude at once grim and obstinate, at the foot of a gigantic Christ on the cross, rudely carved,—composition and color in marvellous accord to evoke the sombre and tragic history of the struggles of the Reformation,” as M. Marguillier very justly describes it. Indeed, it would seem that this bold ally of Luther

could not be more fitly portrayed than thus on guard, sword in hand, in defence of what he believed to be the Truth, his armor glinting in the red light as of an Auto-da-Fé. Gotthard Kuehl, another of these leaders in the Secession movement, is much less satisfactorily represented in the Exposition, his interior of the church of Saint John, at Munich, dark in tone, being scarcely as striking a piece of work as his *Brauerei*, for example, of the exhibition of the revolvers in 1894,—an extraordinary piece of technique in its rendering of the lighting and reflections of a stone court-yard, the pavement wet with the washing of many bottles. At the Secession exhibition of two years later, he exposed another study of these gray interiors, in diffused light, which are exceedingly difficult technical problems. This year, 1896, Stuck exhibited his striking canvas of Orestes, or some other typical murderer, pursued by the Furies, as he flees down the hill-side in the gray light,—they clustering about his head, clamoring and clutching at him, one of them swooping down, head first, in front of him. This subject has furnished both him and Böcklin with very forcible themes,—in another of Stuck's, the three Sisters, nude to the waist, stand waiting at the foot of the cliffs in the wet sea-sand, their vipers coiling round their heads; farther out may be seen the dark figure of the slayer, leaving his victim where he fell, and hastening blindly toward the Erinyes.

In these works of pure imagination, conceived with a certain elevation and clearness of vision, and rendered with an undeniable distinction of style, and in the landscapes, may perhaps be found the most characteristic and interesting works of the contemporary German school. Of the numerous examples of the former, there may be mentioned Gabriel Max's illustration of Goethe's ballad of the *Bride of Corinth*, who, denied her lover in life, comes back from the grave in the midnight to be warmed by his embraces,—the passion of the theme being expressed with a fine reticence and antique flavor. At the exhibition in the Glaspalast in 1894, the old subject of the remorse of Judas was presented with a new and



WILHELM VOß. THE ANGELS OF THE TOMB.

striking dramatic effect by Kuntz Meyer, of Munich,—in a corner of a thicket, in the night-time, the traitorous disciple crouches in terror and despair against the face of a gray rock which is suddenly lit up by the light around the head of the Crucified, appearing amidst the branches. Martin Brandenburg, one of the Secessionists, exhibited two years later a pastel in which the old German influence appeared curiously tempered by the modern methods, the scene showing the border of a little wood hung with garlands and inhabited by some thin and unlovely nude children, and at the approach to which the knight falls on his face in the meadow-grass, while the ravens flap mockingly just beyond him. More commingling of the mediæval and the modern appears in another picture, also seen in an exhibition of the Secession group, by Arthur Langhammer, a very mediæval young devil, with fangs and tail and claws, having ventured to accost some maidens in white gathering fagots in the wood, is promptly thrown down and throttled by the old hermit who comes to their rescue. This painter is not to be confounded with Karl Langhammer, one of the younger men, who has been exhibiting in Berlin in

this year, 1900, some landscapes, marked by a great sense of style in the composition, and in the conception and rendering that intimate sympathy with a poor, a sandy, or gloomy landscape which seems to be the peculiar quality of *Heimatkunst*, the art of your own native soil. The peculiarly German mysticism is one of the manifestations of the national art which are not represented at the Exposition; in its stead may be seen such a curious Gothic and modern rendering of a nominally classic theme as the *Silenus and Faun* of Count Reichenbach, painted in vivid tones and yet rather flat in ensemble, very effective, grotesque, and truly original.

Among the landscape-painters, one of the most representative of the younger men is Richard Riemerschmid, already mentioned as a member of the small group which led the way with the inauguration of a collection of works of decorative art at the Munich Exhibition of 1897. In this department, Riemerschmid began by designing furniture, but he also works in metals, constructing small decorative articles of household use, as candlesticks, trays, etc., with an originality that is more nearly restricted to forms of suavity and grace than is most of the originality of the very modern designers of furniture, all over Europe. But it is in landscape that this artist properly excels, having early acquired a reputation by his large picture, now in the Dresden Gallery, *The Garden of Paradise*,—a pleasant summer landscape painted in some German valley. On each side of the painting, in the panels of the frame, are profile figures of Adam and Eve, in flat relief. These serene and park-like landscapes, mellow with the beauty of summer, are among his favorite themes,—as in a very long low canvas, of the Secession exhibition of 1894, almost classic in composition. Other painters also of this new school, Richard Kaiser, Robert Pötzlberger, Ludwig von Zumbusch, of Munich and Karlsruhe, to name only a few, are inspired by different themes, but all bring to the interpretation of nature a sensitiveness to her varied moods, to beauty, and to that blessed quiet which may make of a hill-side an Eden. A sense of style, of balanced and decorative composition, as well



CHRISTIAN KROENER

EVENING ON THE UPPER HARTZ

PHOTOGRAVURE



as these more spiritual qualities just mentioned, distinguish the works of these painters from the many merely good landscape studies of the contemporary art. Of those who introduce animal life,—the cottage cat sitting, as large as life, in the foreground, watching the bird in the tree;—the furious combat between two chanticleers in the centre of the grassy plain,—one of the most talented is Hubert von Heyden, of Munich. At the Paris Exposition, he is represented by a very strong and colorful study of turkeys. Here may be seen also a bright and very well rendered scene of geese in a stream, by Adolf Lins, which has been awarded a silver medal, as well as other studies of poultry, of somewhat less value, by other painters.

The list of good landscapes in the German section at the Exposition is much too long to be given here. Among them is one entitled *Summer Clouds*, by Professor Eugen Bracht, of Berlin, but Hessian by origin, who contributed a number of his canvases to the Hessian Exhibition, held in Darmstadt, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, by the "Free Union of Darmstadt Artists," in the spring of 1900. These local organizations are one of the important features of the national art movement, and are considered to be of the greatest service in diffusing a general interest and enlightenment in all corners of the empire. Thus, at about the same time, there was opened in Breslau, the capital of Silesia, a triennial exhibition of works by Silesian artists. Some of the Hessian artists have established themselves in Berlin, but the large majority live in Munich. Chief among the latter is Ludwig von Loefftz, the director of the Munich Academy, represented in the Paris Exposition by two landscapes. Bracht is an instructor in the Berlin Academy, and his subjects range through a wide variety of the aspects of Nature and the hours of the day. The characteristic features of the Darmstadt exhibition were considered to be its thoroughly modern character, the very great advance which it demonstrated over any exhibition which could have been held in one of the smaller towns only a few years ago, and the proof which it afforded that

the principles of the Secession are flourishing far and wide. Also worthy of notice at Paris are, the small painting of a village street, by Carl Albrecht; the very handsome and desirable *Lake of the Nymphs*, by Julius Exter; the cottages by Georg Flad; another street of a little village, in water-color, by Max Fritz; the *Old City of Holland*, by Hans Herrmann; a sombre landscape by Franz Hoch; one with a very striking rendering of masses of clouds, by Theodor Hummel; a night-scene in a street, by Friedrich Kallmorgen; a view of the village of Eifel, by E. Kampf; the large and important scene on the heights of the Hartz Mountains, with its stags, by Christian Krøener; Walter Leistikow's *Forest of Pines*; Carl Ludwig's Jewish cemetery, under a cloudy sky, strongly rendered and very effective; Max Pietschmann's *Summer Evening*, with its bathers in a black lake; and Toni Stadler's green landscape.

Leistikow is considered to be one of the first of the landscape-painters of Berlin, in the neighborhood of which city he finds many of his most effective renderings of simple compositions. His work is generally marked by a strong decorative feeling, and characterized by simplicity of line and beauty of color. Some of his most distinguished pictures have been painted on the edge of the sea, the gray or silvery waters ebbing on the level sand, frequently with the gulls flying over, or the reflections of the setting sun lighting them up. Another of these good landscapists, not represented at Paris, is Wilhelm Sperl, an intimate friend of Leibl, with whom he lives in a secluded village among the mountains above Aiblings, and who selects his subjects among these Bavarian highlands,—rendering them with an excellent sense of sympathy and intimacy, and at the same time with that learnedness of selection and of the best way of placing on the canvas which is generally supposed to be acquired only in academies. These qualities are all the more remarkable, as, in Berlin, it is sometimes thought that the Worpsweder painters are given to too large paintings and occasionally to overloading with color. There has just died, in the summer of 1900, the

doyen of the Academy of Fine Arts in this city, Professor J. F. Hennings, who had been a pupil of Oswald Achenbach in Düsseldorf and whose specialties were landscape and genre. Of the painters of animals, among the best of those who exhibit at Paris are, Oscar Frenzel, who paints cows; Victor Weishaupt, who also occupies himself with these useful



MAX LIEBERMANN THE WOMAN AND THE GOATS

mammals; Georg Koch, who is interested in brood-horses, and Heinrich Zügel, who renders sheep and pigs,—the latter in full sunshine, and surprisingly interesting in color and light.

The art of Berlin, it appears, still suffers from the paralyzing touch of officialism. This was very noticeable when, three or four years ago, the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Academy in that capital was celebrated with great pomp and with the gathering of a retrospective collection of the principal works that had constituted the

glory of that institution, from Pesne or Antoine Graff down to Menzel. But, among the artists, this celebration was generally neglected by the independents, and the Secession of Munich declined to take any part in it whatever. The works by Ludwig Dettmann, Hugo Vogel, Skarbina, Friedrich Stahl, and Ludwig von Hoffman, which did there appear, were almost drowned in the flood of official and academical art, it was declared,—the *salle d'honneur*, in particular, by the Emperor's direction, being filled with these well-regulated works of convention and of patriotism, by Professor Antoine von Werner and lesser men. In the summer of 1899, Herr Tschudi, the director of the National Gallery, having gathered for exhibition a fine collection of works by the Impressionists, Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Degas, and others, the Emperor sent all these *chefs-d'œuvre* up to the garrets, and filled their places with the canvases of the official German painters! Nevertheless, it is to the Emperor that the French, and all the rest of the world, are indebted for the furnishing of the three reception-rooms of the German pavilion at the Exposition with the works of the French painters of the eighteenth century, Watteau, Lancret, Pater, and Chardin, from the Imperial collections at Berlin and Potsdam, where they were placed by Frederick the Great. This is the second time only that these canvases have left the royal palaces in which they are preserved, they having been exhibited, on a previous occasion, for a few days, to the public in the Berlin Academy. All the furnishings of these *salles de réception* in the German pavilion at the Exposition come from the royal residences at Potsdam, Sans-Souci, and the New Palace; the decoration, in gray and silver, style Louis XV, is copied from that in the palace at Potsdam, which was executed in Berlin from French models, in the eighteenth century. One of these *salles* is said to be an exact reproduction of the library of Frederick the Great.

In sculpture, the Imperial taste naturally runs in the same direction, and the representative work which receives the seal of supreme official



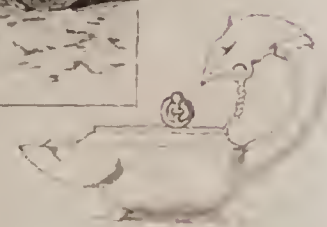
LUDWIG KNAUS
THE JEWISH QUARTER

ETCHED BY H. C. LAVALLEY

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W. C. Vavalliey



approval may be said to be the immense and pretentious monument to the Emperor Wilhelm I, erected on the summit of the Kyffhäuser, in the duchy of Schwarzbourg-Rudolstadt, and solemnly inaugurated by his grandson on the 18th of June, 1896. This monument and this site commemorate the old legend of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who, weary of long life and glory, retired into a grotto of this Thuringian hill and there fell into an immortal slumber, surrounded by all his paladins, till his red beard grew through the marble table in front of him, waiting for the day when a joyous fanfaronade of trumpets should announce the restoration of the Holy Roman Empire and the national unity of all Germany. As he did not awaken and come forth at the noise of the trumpetings and rodomontades of the new Kaiser, it may be concluded that he did not deem this the real thing. The monument, erected at a cost of more than a million marks, by popular and military subscription, is some two hundred and fifty feet in height, and there were employed in its construction more than sixty thousand tons of stone. The rectangular battlemented tower, surmounted by a heavy cupola, which crowns its enormous mass, is led up to by immense terraces, supported on arches, and with vast flights of steps at each corner; on the highest terrace, in front of the base of the tower, is a colossal equestrian statue of Wilhelm I, with appropriate allegorical figures at his horse's feet. Notwithstanding its bulk, it has been justly described as lacking in nobility, simplicity, and grandeur, as being at once "tormented" and cold.

In strong contrast to this older, official and academical, art, represented at the Exposition by the works of Reinhold Begas, and perhaps by that of Werner Begas, Robert Diez, and others, is that, much less portentous of the younger men, which attracts the enlightened attention of contemporaries. The absence of that Teutonic heaviness, which, the French and the English declare, is the peculiar characteristic of German sculpture, and the undoubted presence of a lightness of touch, a superior technical knowledge which permits of much greater flexibility of

expression, so to speak, characterize this contemporary sculpture, much as they do the contemporary painting. The bronzes of Franz Stuck have already been mentioned; much in the same style, and equally admirable, is the statuette of Europa, mounted upon her bull, by Georg Wrba, the figure nude, the bandage around her head gilded, the modelling throughout very simple, on grand planes, and in the grand style, despite the small size. More finished in detail are the small bronzes of Adam and Eve, by Hermann Hahn, each holding the fatal apple, worthy of Peter Vischer, as has been justly said. The same sculptor exhibits also a much larger half-length figure of Judith, kneeling, with the head of Holofernes in her lap, and he has been awarded a silver medal. So has Josef Uphues, for his bronze of an archer, also justly. Likewise Max Kruse deserves his gold medal for his much larger group, in tinted wood, entitled *Young Love*,—curiously naïve, simple, and yet elevated, avoiding the pitfalls which lie in the path of an art apparently so realistic as this. Nothing could be farther from Teutonic heaviness than this,—the merest whiff of heaviness would have hopelessly coarsened the whole thing. The number of good bronze statuettes is surprising,—there is a recumbent Eve, by Hubert Netzer, lying on her side, watching her serpent, characterized by the same originality and sculptural style; a young girl bather, who prudently stoops and tries the water with her finger before trusting herself to its possibly chilly embraces, by Ernest Freese; an ingenious figure of another maid, with two water-buckets, by Johann Goetz; a Diana, by Reinhold Felderhoff; a naiad stooping to admire herself in the pool (of glass) at her feet, by Carl Janssen; a half-nude dancer, by Fritz Klimsch, a young Berlin sculptor, who is considered to be one of the rising artists of that capital, and who has done other things, not exhibited here, but equally good, among them a nude serpent-charmer; and a spirited group of a bacchante with a little faun, by August Streitmüller. Hugo Kaufmann presents a little figure of *Venus Anadyomene*, upholding a circular mirror, in bronze, silver, onyx, and glass; and

Heinrich Waderé a quarter-length figure, nearly life size, in gilded bronze, *Rosa Mystica*, that has been thought worthy a place in the entrance salle d'honneur of the German section.

Among the most ingenious combinations of color with sculpture in the whole Exposition are the two small works by Ignaz Tascher,—a mounted figure of Saint Martin dividing his blue cloak with a very naked beggar, executed in bronze, tinted and gilded; and a brigand stealing geese, in colored wood. Much more conventional and more purely decorative are the two busts of young girls, in tinted marble set off with touches of metal or gilding, by Aloïs Stehle and Johannes Schichtmeyer,—the *Lotte* of the one furnished with a quaint cap, and the *Marguerite* of the other somewhat more realistic in the coloring. Of the sculptors whose names appear most frequently in the records of the new movement in these decorative and applied arts, and who are not represented at the Exposition,



HERMANN HAHN ADAM
Statuette of Bronze & Onyx

mention should be made of Herman Obrist, who was associated with the architects Fischer and Dülfer in the second exhibition of these arts at the Glaspalast, in 1898; and of Karl Gross and Theodor von Gosen, modellers of smaller decorative work in metal, ornamental statuettes, etc.

Chief among the older North German sculptors is Professor Reinhold Begas, awarded a Grand Prix at the Exposition, born in Berlin in 1831, and author of the great Schiller monument in that city, as well as of very many smaller groups and figures. In the Grand Palais he appears by four works, of which the *Cain and Abel* was considered original and "robust" by some of the French critics, and the struggling group of *Prometheus* is characterized by the little heads and many of the other conventionalities. Also eminent is Robert Diez, with a long list of official and monumental works to his credit, and represented in Paris by a fountain group, *The Tempest*; and Professor Johannes Schilling, who likewise sends only one work, but whose fame rests upon his Schiller Monument in Vienna, and his great National Monument in the Niederwald, in commemoration of the constitution of the Empire, unveiled with much ceremony in 1883, crowned with a colossal figure of Germania and adorned with many reliefs. Six of the gold medals of the Exposition have been awarded to as many eminent German sculptors,—one to Stuck in his double capacity of painter and sculptor, and the others to Adolf Hildebrand, Erich Hoesel, Max Kruse, Wilhelm von Rümman, and Walter Schott. Hildebrand and Rümman exhibit portrait busts; Schott, two busts of children and a single figure; and Hoesel, that striking group of a mounted Hun who pulls up his horse to grin, in approval or in apprehension, at the skull in the path. This statue, in bronze, at the approach to the entrance of the Grand Palais, attracts the attention of every visitor. Of the studies of heads, one of the most forcible is the half-length of a smoker, by Hans Everding. There are at least three groups of Adam and Eve, in addition to the two single figures by Hahn already mentioned,—two in bronze by Gustav Eberlein, and one in marble by Peter Breuer.



JOHANNES SCHICHTMEYER

MARGUERITE

Bust of Tinted Marble

PHOTOGRAVURE



One of the most representative of the older German sculptors, not exhibiting in Paris, Professor Erdmann Encke, of Berlin, died at Potsdam in the summer of 1900. Several of his works are erected in public places in the capital, among them, one of Queen Louise, in the Thiergarten.

Of the art institutions of Berlin, one of the most useful is the society of connoisseurs and amateurs of art founded by the director of the Museum of Berlin, Herr Bode, under the patronage of the empress-dowager, and with the title of the *Museum-Verein*. This association provides both the Museum and the National Gallery with a regular subvention, and, in addition, makes them advances, on special occasions, repayable in annuities and without interest. By this means, these national institutions are enabled to acquire valuable collections and works of art which would otherwise be beyond their reach, or attainable only after protracted negotiations. Thus, in the year 1896 alone, the Museum was enabled by this means to acquire a portrait of Etienne Chevalier by Fouquet, from the great Brentano collection; a study by Rembrandt, a portrait by Memling, a small landscape by Ruysdaël, some statues from the cathedrals of Rouen and Reims, as well as a number of pieces of lesser importance, and the National Gallery, with the same aid, three paintings, by Monet, Manet, and Degas. The need of such a society is strongly felt in Paris, where the Louvre, so poorly provided with regular funds, is frequently obliged to have recourse to loans from private parties, which necessarily require some time to negotiate,—during which time the golden opportunity may have passed.

A lesser, but still valuable, institution in the Prussian capital is Schulte's art gallery, where the most important private exhibitions are held, and which is largely patronized by the younger and fairer members of the American colony on Sundays, after church. At the exhibition of the Society of Munich Artists held here in the summer of 1900, important works, by Lenbach, Defregger, Gabriel Max, Philip László, and others, were shown. In Munich itself, in this same summer, the National



HERMANN HILF
Statuette of Victory, A. 1895

Museum, one of the richest in Europe, which was founded by King Maximilian II, was formally installed in the new palace just completed for it in the middle of Prinz Regenten-strasse, and officially inaugurated by the Prince Regent Luitpold. This building is a very large edifice, in the old Bavarian style, containing more than a hundred rooms, in which the countless treasures of the Museum are displayed to the best advantage.

Of the regular official, museum, canvas, it might be said that there was but little in evidence in the Paris Exposition in the German exhibit. Of the very important department of official painting, that of battles, there is but one example in all these galleries, and that one, with a due regard for the hosts on this occasion, celebrates none of the victories of the Franco-German war, but the almost forgotten one of Leuthen, gained by Frederick the Great over the Austrians, in 1757. It is a large canvas, by Carl Rochling, representing the storming of the cemetery by the Prussian grenadiers. The exceeding tallness of these soldiers seems to be exaggerated beyond reason, but, with this exception, the picture may be

accepted as an excellent specimen of a battle scene, dramatic, logical, very well understood and rendered, even to the wintry atmosphere of the day. So when it is a case of depicting the progress of royalty, as in Carl Seiler's *Frederick the Great Travelling*, it is the unofficial version that is presented, the artist fills his canvas not with the prancing cavalcades of the escort, à la Louis XIV, but with the people, the peasants and the burghers, thronging to catch a glimpse of their monarch much as if he were a raree-show. The most valuable canvases on these walls are those in which it is probable that the present Kaiser takes but very little interest,—as in Arthur Kampf's large funeral scene: four or five peasants in their best black clothes, and a great green wreath deposited on the brick floor. The truthfulness, the incisiveness, of characterization, and the exceedingly full and luminous palette from which it has been painted, make this canvas one of the most striking pieces of technical rendering in the whole building, crowded as it is. Also beautifully painted is F. A. von Kaulbach's portrait of an old man with a beard and a child; and the small study of the head of a young girl, by Alois Erdtelt; and the very careful and skilful and sympathetic portrait of the Countess Goertz, by Max Thedy. Otto Hierl-Deronco's full-length portrait of a seated lady, in an orange-yellow dress, furnishes a brilliant note of color on the walls.

Of the purely genre, rendered with great ingenuity and variety of characterization and with a very plausible air of restoring the types, the manners and customs, and the costumes of another country or age, one of the very best examples—indeed, almost the only one of its kind—is Franz Simm's *Concert d'Amateurs*, in a handsome salon, at the period when powdered heads and embroidered coats, snuff-boxes and dress-swords, were gradually giving way to more modern, if less picturesque, habiliments. Somewhat less interesting, but more dramatic,—with that uncomfortable species of dramatic suspense which seems always to haunt these halls of justice,—is the important painting of the interior of

a court-room, by F. Brütt, the poor prisoner bowing her head on her arm at the denunciations of the public prosecutor. The *Chaste Susanna*, of F. M. Bredt, is much more of a genre painting than of a Biblical one, the artist taking as many liberties with his subject in his successful effort to obtain a harmonious color-scheme as seemed to him necessary; and as much may be said of the pretty conceit of Josef Schenrenberg,—the kneeling shepherd-boy offering the meadow-flowers to the naked Infant in His mother's arms as they come quietly across the grass. The modern setting serves only to give a quaint touch to this borrowing from the old masters. An equal absence of deep religious fervor, so to speak, marks the pretty conceit and semi-decorative painting of Wilhelm Volz's *Angels at the Tomb*,—the naked little winged boys who thus keep guard will probably surprise the weeping Maries when they appear.

The part which the national museums play in the industrial and artistic "renaissance" of Germany is very important, and the contrast is very striking in this respect between Germany and France. In the former, there are said to be more of these institutions than in all the other countries in Europe,—not less than thirty-seven specially devoted to decorative or industrial art, and, in addition, eleven museums of art and antiquities have organized sections of industrial art, ancient and modern, with special reference to the art industries of the particular city or region in which the museum is situated. In France, there were, in the spring of 1900, but three museums organized especially for the instruction and propagation of art industries, and a fourth was being instituted at Bordeaux, on the initiative of the Archæological Society of that city, with the energetic support of all the industrial, commercial, artistic, scientific, and literary corporations and associations. Of the three original institutions, the Museum of the Chamber of Commerce of Lyon has been transformed into a *Musée historique des Tissus*; the municipal Museum of Art and Industry of Saint-Etienne, after having filled a useful rôle for several years, is said to be dying for want of support, having been abandoned by



ALOIS STEHLE

LOTTE

Bust of Marble and Bronze

PHOTOGRAVURE



the municipality; and the third, the *Musée de l'Union Centrale des Arts décoratifs*, at Paris, according to M. Marius Vachon, "has fallen into social bankruptcy, under the benevolent eye of the State, which is about to give it a national palace in which to bury definitely, in works interrupted for the last thirty years for lack of funds, the millions which the nation has confided to it, with the formal mission of employing them in the service of assuring the artistic and industrial prosperity of France." Well might the German Kronprinz say, in his speech inaugurating the new Museum of the Industrial Arts in Berlin, in 1881: "We have vanquished the French on the field of battle in 1870; to-day, we wish to vanquish her again in the fields of commerce and industry."

At the head of these German institutions is the Imperial Museum of Decorative Art, of Berlin, the very considerable collections of which, according to the law founding the establishment, are placed at the disposition of all the museums and all the art schools of the Empire, at the request of municipalities, chambers of commerce, and associations recognized by the State. This museum was originally a private institution, and became an imperial one only in 1885; the government constructing for it a vast and well-ordered building to contain its collections, and providing it with an annual subsidy equivalent to forty-eight thousand five hundred dollars. These collections must include only works useful for the technical and artistic instruction of artists, manufacturers, and workmen; objects of mere curiosity or erudition are rigorously banished. To the museum is annexed a school of decorative art. Next in importance to this come the museums of particular States, like that national museum of Bavaria, which we have already seen reorganized and rehoused in this year, 1900; these institutions are created to meet the particular requirements of the individual States of the Empire. After these come the departmental museums of federations of Associations, which lend to the municipal museums and to those of the local Associations the works of art, documents, and models which are necessary to

their particular neighborhood, and which these latter place directly in the hands of manufacturers, artists, and workmen, in their houses or factories or ateliers. In all these institutions a double object is kept constantly in view, this development of the economical prosperity of the country, and the development and glory of a purely national art,—in all of them, of Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Hamburg, Düsseldorf, Cologne, it being German art, in all its manifestations, which is found in all the galleries and all the departments, as though there were none other.



LUDWIG RICHTER. HERR VON REUTEN.



THE ART OF AUSTRIA

In Austria, also, there has been a "Secession" and a division of the artists into "the old and the new" within the last three years, the movement centring chiefly in Vienna. The academic art, against which the new movement was directed, is declared to have been somewhat worse than the usual academical, inasmuch as it was *académisme* seen through North German spectacles,—that is to say, an imitation of a conventionalism. But, as is usual in these great movements, the revolt against the conventional was not entirely unforeseen and unheralded, and the

contemporary chronicles differ in their appreciation of some of these fore-runners and harbingers of the dawn. Chief among these, it is generally recognized, was Waldmüller, portrait-painter, landscapist, and painter of scenes of popular life; an artist who had already anticipated the theories of the "plein-air-ists" when their movement, somewhat belated, reached Vienna. Like other prophets, he found more honor abroad than in his own country, and it was not until long after his death that his work was recognized at its true value by his compatriots. Now, he is declared to be "a great reformer, and the creator of our modern conception of art," according to the introduction to the official catalogue of the Austrian section in the department of fine arts in the Paris Exposition. With his name, but considerably below it, this introduction—which classifies many of these older artists more favorably than other and unofficial records—cites those of Thomas Ender, Holzer, and Gauermann; as the favorite portrait-painters of their period, Daffinger and Amerling; of the school of Prague, two eminent painters of religious subjects, Joseph Fürich and Mathias Trenkwald. Of the monumental and decorative painters, the pupils of Karl Rahl allowed his traditions to perish, and thus left the way clear for the genius of Hans Makart; by his side is placed the much less widely known Hans Canon, who, it is said, sought his inspiration in Rubens. Not uninfluenced by Makart, but preserving their own individuality, were August von Pettenkofen and Emil J. Schindler; more sensitive and delicate was Franz Rumpler. Of the painters of the *genre viennoise*, scenes of bourgeois life, in the capital and vicinity, the most eminent, after Waldmüller, were Eybl, Ranftl, Albert Schindler, and Danhauser. Schindler was a pupil of Albert Zimmermann, the celebrated landscapist, as were also Eugen Jettel and Rudolf Ribarz, landscape-painters of delicate and impressionable natures, as is considered to be also Eduard Charlemont, who lives in Paris. Of portrait-painters, with the well-known name of Angeli is associated that of Pochwalski; for a connecting-link between the period of Waldmüller and the present, there



HEINRICH VON ANGELI

PORTRAIT OF
H. M. THE EMPRESS FREDERICK

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PHOTOGRAVURE

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is the veteran Rudolf Alt, pupil of his father Jakob, who has attained the ripe age of eighty-seven, but who has so well maintained himself in the current of the times that the younger element, the *Jungen*, have chosen him for their chief. Of all these artists, Emil Schindler, deceased, Jettel, Ribarz, Charlemont, Angeli, Pochwalski, and Alt are represented at Paris.

If the art of Germany has suffered, or prospered, from the decentralization which characterizes the development of the civilization of that empire, that of Austria has always been intimately connected with the capital, the seat of the imperial court and the residence of the greater families of the nobility. During the eighteenth century, the brilliancy of this court and aristocracy was perpetuated by the works of distinguished artists who thus basked in the favor of the great, and concerned themselves but little with other things,—during the period of social revolutions which followed, their art, and all other, attracted but little of the popular interest. In the capital, the revival of an appreciation of culture and the arts of embellishment was closely connected with the enlargement of the city and the successive demolishing of the outer and inner walls of fortification, which, down to the middle of the present century, enclosed it within a confining girdle of walls and waste-lands. Within them were situated the residences of the better classes, of the ministers of the crown, and the court, as well as the most ancient of the public gardens,—in this enclosure were maintained, and even revived, many of the manners and customs of the Middle Ages, to which it owed its origin. Between 1800 and 1850, the number of houses in Vienna had increased in but an inconsiderable degree, while the population had almost doubled; architecture and all the allied arts could not but suffer in this restriction and limitation of production. By a decree of December 20, 1857, the emperor Francis Joseph I directed the demolishing of the inner line of fortifications and the union of the interior city with the suburbs, new avenues being opened and other measures taken to embellish the resident quarters. “Vienna had, at this period, neither markets, nor grand hotels and



EDWARD CHARLEMONT LACE WORKER

restaurants, nor theatres, nor museums, nor concert and assembly halls of sufficient size and dignity; the University, the Hôtel de Ville, were installed in edifices in every way insufficient; for the Parliament, it had been found necessary to take a provisory lodging, and the entire population suffered from the insufficiency of living apartments."

The period of reconstruction and adornment which followed was characterized by a species of eclecticism in art in which

a great variety of styles and influences prevailed, especially in architecture,—Gothic, Hellenic, Romano-Mauresque, Mediæval, and Renaissance, with traces of the "barocco." At the present day, Vienna is in process of a new enlargement and embellishment, the outer walls enclosing the city having fallen in their turn, and a new generation of artists is arising which, it is thought, seems called to perpetuate the local traditions of the city and the nation in the forms of art appropriate to the new conditions, and to establish that connection between the daily occupations of life and this local character which, in the enthusiasm for foreign models, had so long been forgotten. This revival and development in the capital have been followed throughout the empire in a greater or lesser degree, schools of arts and museums having been established in different cities; unlike

other countries, there has been no displacement of the artistic centre of the country to fear, Prague and Cracovie, having been always the seats of an art activity, have seen the modern art take root in their midst,—as have also Salzburg, Innsbruck, Botzen, Lemberg, Grätz, Klagenfurt, Laibach, Linz, Brünn, and Troppau. The preponderating influence which architecture exercised upon painting and sculpture in the eighteenth century has disappeared in the present day; in all three arts, in Austria as elsewhere, the escape from the trammels of classicism has been necessary in order to turn to that study of nature which is essential to the development of individual creation and of a new æsthetic activity.

In sculpture, the art of Canova inspired the works of Zauner; Schwanthaler, in his fountain figures, “placed architectonic considerations before all others”; Fernkorn and Hans Gasser found freer methods of expression, as did also Antoine Wagner. Of the two lines along which this art has developed in Austria, almost down to the present day, the strictly architectural and decorative, and the freer and more intimate, Pilz, and Theodor Friedl are considered to have excelled in the first, and Rudolf Weyr in a measure to have combined the two. So also has Victor Tilgner, whose portrait busts and monumental works are alike considered admirable. Arthur Strasser has introduced the use of color in sculpture for interiors, and brings to his monumental works a naturalistic note which his compatriots deem to be very valuable. The State has furnished many of the sculptors with commissions for busts for the gallery of illustrious men established, at its expense, in the court of the Arcades of the Vienna University, the *Arkadenhofe*; and the busts and monuments in the cemeteries, especially in the central cemetery of the capital, of which certain alleys are reserved for the great dead, supply them with many opportunities for exercising their art. Of the medallists, the most eminent are considered to be Tautenhayn, Pawlicek, Scharf, and Schwarz. In other cities and districts of the empire, Prague’s most eminent sculptor is Myslbeck; in the Tyrol, Heinrich Natter, and in Grätz, Heinrich Brandstetters.

In painting as well, classicism reigned at the beginning of the century, but a few artists, as Heinrich Füger, contrived to enliven these cold forms with some warmth of color and a breath of natural life. Some of the Romanticists followed Overbeck, the head of the conservative, spiritual, religious school, as Cornelius was of the eclectic one; the great movement of which the former was the originator standing in close relation to "the subjective philosophy" of the times. In the cloister of Saint Isidore, on the Pincian hill, in Rome, these disciples continued the school of the "Nazarites," and produced works lamentably deficient in technical qualities, but inspired, nominally, by the painters of the fifteenth century. Moritz von Schwind, born in Vienna, who had begun in this school, and who afterward became one of the Romanticists and a painter of legends, exercised an influence which, as we have seen, is asserted to have greatly influenced some of the leaders in the modern art movement of all Germany. After him, come Waldmüller and his contemporaries; and, finally, the great Secession movement, aided by the establishment of two reviews, the *Ver sacrum* and the *Kunst und Kunsthandwerk*, the one advocating the emancipation of art from the old trammels of tradition, and the other, the revival of the minor and applied arts.

Of these modern painters, the *Jungen*, the most brilliant is Gustav Klimt, who, in the interpretation of his very original and, generally, most distinguished, conceptions, has not fallen into any of those eccentricities of technique which have well-nigh proved the undoing of some of his fellow-reformers. In their search for new methods and their determination to break away from the old, they have become "plein-air-ists," "vibrists," and "pointillists,"—the President of the Secession himself, Josef Engelhart, has turned pointillist, at least for the present; at the Exposition, he is represented by a not very interesting painting of a peasant at a table, and some pastels. Klimt, on the contrary, while availing himself of all the saner methods of oil-painting, has avoided all the tricks which defeat their own object by remaining palpable tricks. In his



EDUARD VEITH

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

PHOTOGRAVURE



decorations in the spandrels of the staircase of the Royal Imperial Court Museum, the *K. K. Kunsthistorischen Hof-Museums* in Vienna, executed in connection with Ernst Klimt and Franz Matsch, he has even excelled his two confrères, and produced, in the narrow and awkward triangles assigned the painters, works of pure decoration that in quality and style are quite worthy to rank with the famous ones of Baudry and Delaunay in the Paris Opera-house. In his most recent important work, shown at the last exhibition of the Secession in Vienna and in the gallery devoted to these painters at the Paris Exposition, he has been much less lucid, and has in a measure justified the reproach which has been levelled at him, of being more an intellectual painter than a colorist,—the “intellectual” in painting, as is generally known, signifying usually confusion and obscurity. As a very important work, by one of the most talented of the modern painters of Europe, and thereby to some extent representative of the tendencies of the modern movement not only in Austria but throughout the Continent, we give two descriptions of this painting, by two intelligent observers, German and French. The former, writing from Vienna, says:

“This huge painting is destined for a ceiling of the Vienna University. But one must not expect an academic work, no transparent allegory. Klimt has not painted the science of philosophy, but philosophy as it affects humanity. And so he has not created the work that would have been demanded, and certainly expected, by the Professors of the University,—that is, a representation of scientific, systematic doctrine of wisdom, searching for knowledge and spreading knowledge. He has gone further,—he has shown the human problem of the mystery of life, the crowd of men searching for the solution of the great riddle, not finding this solution, despairing, and exhausting their strength. The searchers form a long procession,—graybeards, children, women, men; some serene, others in despair. At the right, in the midst of a green spot of color, which is getting denser toward the centre, appears the head of the

grays. Very pleasant and sunny and peaceful, curiously expressive in design and tone and color of the weary restfulness and thankfulness of convalescence, is the *Cured* of Max Kurzweil, two young peasants, seen at half-length, walking slowly through an orchard, the girl leaning on the youth's shoulder. Ernst Stöhr exhibits two nocturnes in pastel,—one, a very dark landscape, lit only by the tiny lamps of the glow-worms; and in the other, a conventional modern gentleman, in a boat on a lake in dim starlight, sees a nude girl standing in the bow and looking at him. This novel situation has for legend only, *Das Weib*, Woman; and the faintly glimmering light is very well rendered. Among the younger artists of this school, the first beyond dispute is said to be Ferdinand Andri, whose paintings of rural scenes have been compared to the work of the sculptor Constantin Meunier, but whose pictures, in oil and in crayon heightened with color, while equally sincere (possibly more so), have much less of that element of unloveliness which so strongly characterizes the productions of the Belgian artist. Also a good landscapist is Theodor von Hoermann, whose gray country-side whitened with hoar-frost, at the Exposition, is very good in color. Other painters of scenes of nature are List, Hänisch, Jettmar, and Sigmund; of figure-pieces and legends, König and Schwaiger. König also distinguishes himself as an engraver, as does Emil Orlik with his rough wood-cuts, in imitation of the primitives, and his etchings.

The three sculptors of the Secession gallery display decided originality in each case. Arthur Strasser exhibits a bronze group of Mark Antony, very picturesque in invention; Franz Matsch, the painter, a marble fountain for a winter-garden, with four female figures, nude and symbolizing Life, one Japanese and one or two negro, painted with surprising skill against a background of roses on the slippery stone; and Edmund Hellmer, who has received a gold medal, two very graceful, decorative heads in marble, one of Hermes and one a portrait, of a woman holding a bronze lamp in her hand, mounted on very slender



LUDWIG DEUTSCH

DEPARTURE OF THE SHEIK

FACSIMILE WATER-COLOR



tall shafts, with bronze decorations at the bottom of the pedestal. The architect of this group, Otto Wagner, is represented by two designs, for an academy of the fine arts and for the new church of the Capuchins in Vienna, with the Imperial vaults below, which, at least one French critic declares, "unite elegance with grandeur."

The general character of the Austrian sculpture by no means equals this high average. Among the most sympathetic and artistic of the more modern work, however, is a small group in plaster, half hidden behind the pedestal of some towering and pretentious monument in the court of the Grand Palais, which contrives, in the simplest and most direct manner, to strike that note of "the Poor" which is so ostentatiously strummed in the art of the day in all these artistic reformations. The sculptor is Franz Hergesel, exhibiting among the group of the artists of Prague, and his theme is the very familiar one of *Panem nostrum quotidianum*. On a barren slope, the ploughman is turning up the ungrateful soil; his plough is a long light one with a poor blade, that meets the requirements of the sculptor's semi-decorative, pathetic style admirably; the husbandman himself is old and bent and barefooted, and wears a shade over his eyes as though he were blind; his team is none other than the three women of the family, grandmother, wife, and daughter, all three throwing themselves forward in the rude traces, their arms around each other, straining like cattle. Of the eternal attitudinizing, and pretence, and bending of brows, that characterize this particular mission of the modern movement, there is not a trace in this most simple and dignified and moving work of sculpture; and of the sculptor's perfect mastery of his art there is testimony in every detail. The *Prager Zweig-comité* may well be proud of this work,—in itself, it might be said, sufficient to justify the formation of the latest association of artists of Czech nationality, the *Jednota umělců výtvarných*, which held its first exhibition in Prague in December, 1899. The aim of the members of this society is to bring into prominence the marked individuality of Czech art as a

whole, and to diffuse a genuine appreciation of good art through all classes of society. In addition, they endeavor to preserve, as much as possible, the old-world character of their beloved city of Prague; and their list includes several names that have an international reputation,—Professors Hynais and Brozik, Hans Schwaiger, the illustrators Marold and Mucha, and others.

In this group of artists at the Exposition, Hynais is represented by some studies of decorations for the Pantheon of the Royal Museum of Bohemia, in Prague, beautiful in the gray tones; Brozik, by a portrait; Franta Kavan, by a landscape, *Before the Rain*, also with well-rendered gray tones; Benedict Knüpfer, by one of the marines in which he excels, sometimes with a human incident, and sometimes without; Franz Kupka, with a painting and some tremendously symbolical and allegorical designs; Eduard Lebiezki, with an *Idyl*, a nude mother and child in a dark landscape; Emanuel Crescenz Liska, with another of these visions of the imagination, the widower, nodding to sleep over the cradle in the starlight, and the dead mother coming back softly to kiss the baby; and a number of landscapes and portraits of merit. In the confusion of nationalities in the Austrian Empire, the same artists figure in two or even three distinct groups, but the *Krakauer Zweigcomité*, or Committee of the city of Cracow, claim exclusively for their own Jan Matejko, who exhibits a large historical canvas, somewhat dull and uninteresting in color, the betrothal of the Polish king, Kasimir Jagiellonczyk, to the archduchess Elisabeth of Austria. In this list, also, as in that of the association of Viennese artists, appears the name of the distinguished portrait-painter, Kasimir Pochwalski, who exhibits a portrait in each. There is also a *Comité* of the Austrian artists living in Paris, in which are included the painters Frant Dvůrak and Ludwig Deutsch, the former with a *Kunstliebhaber*, or art connoisseur, absorbed in admiration of his statuette, like another Pygmalion, and the latter with two Oriental subjects, good in design but a trifle thin in color.

Of the Viennese artists proper, the *Genossenschaft der bildenden Künstler Wiens*, the list is headed by the celebrated Heinrich von Angeli, of whom the English critics—in their vexation at the preference shown him in their own court circles over their own portraitists—say: “*Non Angli sed Angeli.*” It is a good pun, but notwithstanding it, and the easy disparagement of his art as “the usual type of the official and academic portrait,” it is difficult not to recognize the simplicity and dignity of his not too conventional presentation of the Empress Frederick, in her widow’s weeds. For this, and for the good work he has done, the international jury—following the principle they had adopted—awarded a gold medal. Also distinguished among the painters of the Austrian capital is Adolf Hirschl, or Hirémy-Hirschl, whose large canvas here exhibited, *The Shades on the Banks of the Acheron*, obtained the great gold medal at the Jubilee Exposition in Vienna in 1898,—the highest award for Austria. The painter has built up his crowded composition with much ingenuity, but the necessary bluish-gray tones of the disembodied souls present a difficult painting problem, and it is probable that he would have



gained in effectiveness by shrouding his scene in a little more Stygian gloom. Still more ingenious, and much more beautiful in color, is Eduard Veith's *Fountain of Youth*,—the youthful and very pretty light-blues of the two women in the foreground and the youthful vivacity of the foremost, striking the explanatory note very neatly. Very expressive, also, is the action of the aged king who comes tottering toward the rejuvenating fountain, supported by his attendants. Much less interesting is the *grande peinture* of Alois Delug, *The Nornes*, the life-size figures of the Northern Fates, sitting in greenish tones under a yellow sky. Leopold Burger, in two careful companion water-colors, contrasts earthly and heavenly love,—contriving, naturally, to make the former the more interesting, by showing us a plump peasant-girl stooping over her window-sill, regardless of her hasty costume, to kiss her lover outside, while in the latter, it is a question only of a nun and a crucifix. Of the two Charlemonts, Eduard is represented by a very carefully detailed painting of a lace-maker, pausing in her work to look out the window, and Hugo, a pupil of his brother and of Makart, by two landscapes. This latter painter is also a skilful renderer of still-life.

Some of these Viennese landscape-painters do excellent work. One of the most eminent is Hugo Darnaut, whose picture of a ruined castle in the melancholy autumn has been awarded a silver medal, and is declared by one French critic to be "poetic and noble in style, of a beauty of lines, so to speak, musical." Curiously true, and, therefore, very beautiful, is the study of an old pond with many yellow tones, by Rudolf Ribarz, and Olgo Wisinger-Florian's vivid painting of a country road overhung and littered deep with the yellow leaves of autumn is almost a *trompe-l'œil*. Likewise very remarkable are the two park-scenes, by Eduard Kasparides, in the Prater in Vienna,—one in tempera, showing the reflections of the banks in the motionless waters being very still and very charming. This list includes, also, the names of the painters Bernt, Konopa, the late Emil J. Schindler,—who is represented by a large study



GUSTAV KLIMT
PHILOSOPHY

ETCHED BY LÉON LAMBERT

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of a wide gray country road, fringed with gray poplars,—Wilt and Zoff, the last two being painters of village streets as well. The Polish artists count, also, among these talented students of the aspect of nature, Jan Stanislawski; the Bohemians, Franz Slabý, Václav Jansa, Wenzel Wirkner, and Anton Slavíček. The veteran, Otto von Thoren, exhibits among the Parisians,—a small canvas of meadow-lands, with peasants and horses, in the low tones in which he generally works, and in the harmony of which he finds his best inspirations. And among the Viennese, Robert Russ paints very well a garden festival at Riva, from an elevation which enables him to look down on the garden. As will be seen, this list includes so many names and such varied themes, that it would be difficult to deduce any general principles as to the tendencies of the national school of landscape,—it may be said, generally, that there is an absence of eccentricities and of any very striking moods, no blazing sunlight, no deeply melancholic, a great appreciation of beauty and of a quiet life.

Of the important figure-painters, not previously mentioned, the record should include the names of Nikolaus Aleš, August Němejc, and Albin Egger-Lienz, who render the life of the fields; Leopold Müller and Charles Wilda, Oriental scenes; the Countess Gabriele Rosenberg and Raimund Germela, domestic and bourgeois. Of the sculptors, the late Victor Tilgner, Josef Mařatka, Carl Korschann, and Joseph Moser; of the portrait-painters, Johann Victor Krämer, of the Secession; August Vlček, Eugenie Munk, Clemens von Pausinger, Rudolf Weisse, Gustav Wertheimer, and many others. A fresh and very charming note is struck by Carl Korschann's decorative sculpture, in bronze and brass, *Mädchen* with a lamp, *Mädchen* with cyclamen, and *Mädchen* with violets,—full of character and interest. The medallists, of whom Heinrich Kautsch is the most distinguished, on the contrary, are disappointing, though Kautsch has been awarded a silver medal. His own work in silver medals is good and commonplace, not subtle in modelling, and

much inferior to the French. In the department of *objets d'art*, Alois Reinitzer, also medalled by the jury, exhibits a number of *étains* in imitation of the French,—little nude figures plastered on various small objects of household use. Of Tilgner's portrait busts, in marble and bronze, all of them expressive, that of Johann Strauss is certainly very spirited. One is even in red marble.





THE ART OF HUNGARY

The Hungarians, who have recently been celebrating, in this end of the nineteenth century, the thousandth anniversary of their civilization, or, at least, of their entry into Europe through the passes of the Carpathians to occupy the valleys of the Danube and the Theiss, declare that the present development of the fine arts among them presents a unique phenomenon. Suddenly, with no traditions back of it, without even a general sentiment of this necessity of culture, the artistic movement developed itself, as if flowering spontaneously from the genius of the race. No ties can be discovered that lead back, through a natural

development, to any previous age of aspirations and achievements,—the ardor, the energy, the *goût de l'éclat*, as the French put it, of the nation, relieved at last of the long burden of the struggle for national existence, brought about this sudden manifestation. Their historians divide the record of their civilization into certain great epochs, of which the first is that of the style of the old basilicas, under the first kings of the eleventh and twelfth centuries; the second, that of the Roman style, of the twelfth and thirteenth, during which evidences of a national artistic temperament began to develop. The Roman basilica maintained its predominance in Hungary for three centuries, during the entire dynasty of the Arpáds, at a period when the other European nations had already passed to the Gothic; it even reached its fullest development here when elsewhere it had disappeared. The third epoch was that of the Gothic, which manifested itself after the invasion of the Tartars (1248); largely brought in by the German immigrants from Saxony and Thuringia, but too late to attain its full development. The productions of German and Italian artists were everywhere to be found throughout the country under the Angevins, but toward the end of the fourteenth century there were produced works by native artists which are thought to equal those of the contemporary school. Some of these are still extant, as the bronze statue of Saint George, executed in 1373 by two sculptors, Marton and György, and still standing before the cathedral of Prague. Others were destroyed by the Turks. The most ancient examples of Hungarian painting date from the thirteenth century; in the fifteenth, the art of mural painting was widely spread in certain districts.

The fifth great epoch was that of the Renaissance, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but of short duration because of the terrible wars with the Turks. The Hungarians claim that theirs was the first European country to receive the new art of Italy; that, while it penetrated into Spain in the latter part of the fifteenth century, into France at the commencement of the sixteenth, under François I, into Germany toward



the middle of the sixteenth, and into England not until the seventeenth, it had appeared in Hungary in the middle of the fifteenth century, whilst the rest of Europe was still in Gothic mediævalism. It came direct from Italy, on the invitation of the king Mathias Corvin, whose sumptuous court was visited by Italian learned men and artists, and who maintained friendly relations with Lorenzo di Medici. Hence he is regarded as a veritable prince of the Renaissance, cultivating science and the arts, not only inviting Italian painters and sculptors to visit him, but sending Hungarian artists into Italy to study. Unfortunately, all these monuments of the Renaissance have perished at the hands of the Ottoman invaders. Their influence was felt in the impulse given the native arts, in some of which, it is thought, the genius of the race found sympathetic expression, as in book-binding, delicate and ornamental printing for the manuscripts, goldsmiths' work, embroidery, and arms and armor. "After the reign of Mathias, that Golden Age of Hungary," says Alexis Lippich de Korongh, "*the artistic life of the Magyar people stopped short*, and the centuries succeeding present nothing but a lamentable series of ravages and destructions."

After the expulsion of the Turks, the exhausted and discouraged nation fell into artistic decadence, "the cultivation of the arts being something impossible," and the age is qualified as that of the baroque style, the era of political persecutions, of constant struggles against external and internal enemies. It is by centuries that must be counted the period during which Hungary was unable to follow the development in civilization so general in the rest of Europe, while preserving constantly the sentiment of her inferiority, the ambition and the desire to equal her more fortunate sisters. In art, all the traditions had been destroyed, everything was to begin anew, hence the hasty and barbarous creations of the baroque style, the rude churches with altars painted in imitation of marble, the uncouth statues in plaster or carved wood, the enormous paintings executed by simple artisans. The scattered



examples of a better art to be found in the churches or in the castles of the nobles were the productions of foreign artists who had come into the country; the few native painters and sculptors of merit sought encouragement abroad. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, however, with the inspiration of the national movement which arose under the leadership of the Transylvanian princes Rákóczy, appeared two Hunga-

rian artists of merit, János Kupeczky, a portrait-painter, whose works are to be found in several of the great galleries of central Europe, and Adám Mátyoky, who became the court painter of the Elector of Saxony, Auguste III, and ended his days in Dresden. The cultivation of the arts of luxury and refinement by the wealthy aristocratic families, after the period of the great national struggles, had the peculiar quality of influencing in no degree the civilization of the nation at large,—these families living in Vienna, attached to the Imperial Court, concerning themselves not at all with the manners and customs of the Magyar race, neglecting even the language of the Hungarian people, and patronizing almost exclusively foreign artists. Any manifestations of a patriotic national spirit were considered in these elevated circles as incompatible

with a refined culture and with political prudence. The petty nobility, living in poverty in the rural districts, were led to oppose any tendencies toward a higher civilization, seeing that it appeared to be thus anti-national in spirit.

It was not till toward the middle of the nineteenth century that the reaction against this oppression culminated openly in the revolution of 1848; and the artistic instincts of the people awoke with their desire for greater political liberty. With the earliest symptoms of this awakening appeared a movement in favor of reforms, in manners and in economies; an Academy of Sciences, a National Theatre, a National Museum, were founded; the poets and the romancers appealed to the better instincts of the nation; two artists of European reputation reflected lustre on the national art. These were Charles Markó, a painter of classic landscape, the first Hungarian artist whose portrait was admitted to the Florence gallery of the artists, and Charles Brocky, who became one of the favorite painters of Queen Victoria and the English aristocracy, and died in England in 1855. The first Hungarian Society of the Fine Arts was founded in 1840, by Auguste Trefort, who became later Minister of Public Instruction; Ladislav Szalay the historian; André Fáy, a seigneur and a distinguished writer; Alexander Wagner, the well-known painter, who later became Professor of Fine Arts in Munich; Louis Kossuth, and others; and the first Hungarian *Salon* was opened under the direction of this Society, June 1, 1840, with two hundred and seventy-eight paintings and thirty-one water-colors. In the first year of its existence, this Society included nearly thirteen hundred members. Not long after, the painter Jaques Marastoni created the first Hungarian school of the fine arts. In the same year, 1846, a gallery of paintings, provided by the legacy of the Archbishop of Eger, Ladislav Pyrker, was inaugurated in the National Museum.

The revolution of 1848-1849 was suppressed by force of arms, but the artistic movement preserved its vitality, and, especially after the

opening of the constitutional era inaugurated by the compromise of 1867, the names of Hungarian artists began to be known throughout Europe,—Maurice Than, Alexander Liezen-Mayer, Alexander Wagner, Michel Munkácsy, Gyula Benczur, Lipót Horovitz,—and several of them became professors in foreign academies. Among the sculptors, the most distinguished were Nicolas Izsó, József Boehm, who settled in London, Maximilien Klein, in Berlin, and Victor Tilgner, in Vienna. The conditions of life at home did not permit of the artists finding there sufficient encouragement and support. Nevertheless, there were not wanting statesmen and thinkers to assert openly that the fine arts were destined ultimately to play a part of the first order in the intellectual and economic development of the Hungarian State, and to take measures to encourage the progress of these arts. One of the first of these measures was the creation of the National Hungarian Society of the Fine Arts, with the object of encouraging the artists and the artistic interests, organizing at Budapest national and international exhibitions, promoting the sale of works of art by means of lotteries, and popularizing the taste for the fine arts by the reproduction of the artists' works. The Government also considered the encouragement of this culture a part of its official programme, provision was made in the budget of the State for the development of art, and the preservation of the monuments of the past; travelling scholarships were awarded young artists of talent to enable them to study abroad, and a concours of historical painting was opened, and resulted in the acquisition of the large canvases of Madarász, Székely, and Benczur which are now preserved in the galleries of the Hungarian National Museum at Budapest. The precarious state of the public finances, and the situation of the country, did not warrant for the moment any more comprehensive measures.

Within the last thirty years, the dates in the history of this national development of the arts multiply, and especially those connected with the encouragement of enlightened artistic instruction. In 1871 was



PAUL MEYERHEIM

THE MENAGERIE

PHOTOGRAVURE

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established the National Normal School of Design; in the same year, the State acquired the valuable gallery of Prince Nicolas Eszterházy, paying for the collections—which included six hundred and fifty-six paintings, over thirty-five hundred designs, and fifty-one thousand engravings—the sum of two million six hundred thousand crowns. To these were added the old pictures in the National Museum, the latter being reserved for modern works. In the same year was created the Council Superior of the Fine Arts; in 1878, the National Museum of Decorative Arts, and, in 1880, the nucleus of the National School of Decorative Arts; in 1881, the National Commission of Monuments, to assure the preservation and restoration of the monuments of the past; in the following year, the first measures were taken for the establishment of an Academy of the Fine Arts by opening, in a park ceded by the city, the first school of painting, the direction of which was confided to Gyula Benczur, who was persuaded to leave Munich. The Gallery of Historical Portraits was constituted in 1883 by the minister Auguste Trefort. All this official encouragement contributed to the inauguration of a new epoch in the artistic life of the country; the artists of talent, in all branches, multiplied; the embellishment of the capital, Budapest, provided innumerable commissions for the architects, the painters, and the sculptors; there was a great revival throughout the country of monumental decorative painting, and the public places of the capital and the provincial cities saw arise in their centres statues to the great men of the nation. The schools shared in the general movement,—after that directed by Benczur, the Government opened one of painting under Kárloly Lotz, and one of sculpture under Alois Strobl; the normal school of design of Gustave Keleti was enlarged; the school and museum of the decorative arts were installed in a monumental palace which was considered to be an interesting example of the aspiration toward a national, Hungarian, style in architecture.

In 1891, the national legislature authorized the Minister of Public Instruction to devote six hundred thousand crowns to the erection of a

palace for the exhibitions of the fine arts, and it was in this palace that the Millennial Exposition opened, commemorating the new era in the art life of the nation. On the occasion of this great fête, the State, the counties, the cities, and the Hungarian prelates gave numerous commissions to the most distinguished painters and sculptors,—the Parliament voted a law appropriating six million four hundred thousand crowns for the creation of a Museum of the Fine Arts; it decided to erect, at the end of the Avenue Andrassy, a monument commemorative of the original conquest of the country, which should present equestrian statues of the prince Arpád and of his chiefs of tribes, as well as statues of the great kings of Hungary, the whole in a stately architectural setting. The same law authorized the erection of an equestrian statue of Saint Stephen upon the ramparts of Buda; the city of Kolozsvár ordered of the sculptor János Fadrusz an equestrian statue of the king Mathias Corvin, and the same artist executed, at Pozsony, the equestrian statue, in Carrara marble, of Maria-Theresa, the inauguration of which figured among the ceremonies of the fête of the Millennial celebration. The plaster of his colossal monument to King Mathias appears at the Paris Exposition; the mounted figure of the king, at the summit, is simple and dignified, though rather commonplace; the panels in high-relief on the sides of the monument, representing scenes in the battle of Zenta, are exceedingly commonplace. For the painters, the State commissioned Munkácsy to execute the large canvas, the *Conquest of the Country* in 896, or *Arpád*, destined for the Palace of the Hungarian Parliament, and exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1893, and Gyula Benczur the *Retaking of the Fortress of Buda from the Turks, in 1686*, which may be seen at the Exposition of 1900,—a big, academical canvas in this artist's well-known manner,—as well as a number of other commissions, only less important.

But, with all this brilliant and rapid development of the national art, there are attendant circumstances which inspire forebodings in the artists themselves and in those concerned with their material situation.

"The facts are," says Herr de Korongh, from whom we gather most of these historical details, "that the artistic tastes of the Hungarian people are in no wise developed in unison with this rapid and astonishing outburst of talents. The gradual development of the national culture has been hampered by the terrible vicissitudes of the last four centuries. These wars were not simply contests between rival sovereigns, but combats to the death for the very existence of the fatherland. Harassed without truce and without respite by the implacable hatred of races and potentates who were determined to suppress it, the entire nation was forever on the alert; it could never relax the grasp of the hilt, and was obliged to be ceaselessly on the watch against the intrigues of its adversaries. Where would it have found the time to read books, to pursue the ideals of the intellectual life?"



Since the death of Mathias Corvin, it has not had one single period of tranquillity in which its intellectual faculties might be occupied with spiritual things, in which it would have been able to devote a portion of its energies to the scientific or artistic aspirations of its contemporaries. It was obliged to remain in the rear, and it is only within the last fifty years that it has been able to make extraordinary efforts to regain the four centuries lost.

“But, during these last few years, the work of national regeneration advances all along the line, and infinite efforts have been put forth to bring about the *artistic social education of Hungary*.”

The works of the earlier Hungarian artists naturally show the traces of the various foreign influences to which this struggling and aspiring national art was subjected,—the strictly national impulse being evident, frequently, only in the local theme selected for rendering, as in Maurice, or Moritz, Than's *Tünder Ilona*, mural painting on the staircase of the *Redoutengebäudes*, or Town-hall, of Budapest, the first fresco painting that had been executed within a hundred years by a native Hungarian artist. Than was born in 1828, and received his first lessons in art from Barabas, at that period the Nestor of the painters of his country; after the campaigns of 1848–1849, in which he took part as a volunteer attached to Görgey's headquarters, the young man resumed his studies in the Vienna Academy under Rahl, by whose influence he was enabled to go to Rome, where he devoted three years to the study of the old masters and the modern “Nazarites,” Cornelius and his followers. His *Ilona* frescoes were founded upon a national fairy story of the sixteenth century, still to be found, it is said, in the mouths of the Hungarian peasantry; the execution is in the conventional German romantic art of the period, heavy, and indifferent in technique. Alexander Wagner, ten years younger than Than, was one of the innumerable pupils of Piloty in Munich, and was appointed a professor in that Academy when only twenty-eight years of age. His reputation abroad was first established



ÁRPÁD FESZTY

WOMEN WEEPING AT THE TOMB
OF CHRIST

PHOTOGRAVURE

Engraved 1796 by J. B. H. & Co.



by his large *Chariot Race*, awarded a medal at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876. Apart from this semi-classic theme,—in which, however, according to the legend, the victorious charioteer is a native of Dalmatia,—this artist confined himself principally to German and Hungarian national subjects, without attaining any peculiarly national style. Alexander, or Sándor, Liezen-Mayer, who died in 1898, a year younger than Wagner, also a pupil of Piloty, was frankly German, though his range extended from the historical of Piloty to the peasants of Defregger and Vautier, with, in his designs, excursions into the German mediæval. At the Paris Exposition, he is represented by a small genre, somewhat hard and porcelain-like in painting, *The Princess Barbara giving Instructions in Horticulture*. Benczur, born in 1844, another pupil of Piloty, has been considered to excel in Piloty's peculiar technical methods, and, like his master, selects his historical subjects from various national themes, native and foreign. At the Paris Exposition, where he has been awarded one of the Grands Prix, he is represented, in addition to his large canvas already mentioned, by two or three important portraits, one of the Emperor Francis Joseph I, Apostolic King of Hungary, pretty warm in color and not lacking in distinction.

With Munkácsy, however, the most celebrated of all the Hungarian artists, it is no longer a question of accepting conceptions and methods from abroad, but rather of communicating them (for good or evil, according to the point of view) to others. It would not be difficult to trace in this painter's career points of resemblance to the national genius of his country, haunted, even at the period of highest prosperity, with the recollections, the tragedies, of the early struggle for existence, and, perhaps, with apprehensions of the ending. The joy of life had but little part in Munkácsy's work, the scenes from popular life which he portrayed in his earlier days and the darkening bituminous tones in which he rendered them, served but for a fitting prelude to the overstrained ambition of his later, immense Biblical themes, and the tragic close of all in the



asylum at Endenich, near Bonn. "This unfortunate was predestined to suffer," said the *Paris Temps*, of May 2, 1900, in its obituary. "He has finished, as he commenced, in tears, and if it had been known, formerly, when he was astonishing all Paris by the ostentation of his receptions, all the bitterness that was hidden behind that brilliant façade, he would have been pitied. A precocious success had pre-

cipitated him into a tumultuous existence which was necessary, in his opinion, to maintain the estimation in which he was held, but which comported but illy with the tranquil gestation and the feverish execution of great works. This slave of celebrity has died the victim of his own reputation. The excess of labor to which he condemned himself in order to sustain indefinitely the same course of life, has ended by crushing him."

Left an orphan at the age of five, and adopted by an uncle who apprenticed him to the village carpenter and house-painter, the young Michel Lieb endured, in his attempts to acquire an education in art, even more of distress and semi-starvation than usually falls to the lot of struggling genius. In Pesth, in Vienna, in Munich, and finally in Düsseldorf, he persevered; it was in the latter city that he executed his first

successful picture, *The Last Day of a Condemned Man*, founded on an ancient Hungarian custom of exposing a prisoner condemned to death to the inspection of the public for the last three days before his execution. This work was purchased by an appreciative patron, for a few hundred francs, and he advised the artist to send it to the Paris Salon, of 1870, where it had a great success, and was awarded a medal. From that date Munkácsy's fortune was made, he transferred his residence to the French capital, abandoned his family name for that of his native village, and became a celebrity. His subsequent easel paintings displayed much the same qualities of forcible characterization of his figures and of sombreness of conception. In 1878, he received the cross of officer of the Legion of Honor, and the grand medal of the Exposition, for his large painting: *Milton dictating Paradise Lost to his Daughters*, and—as if feeling that there was nothing more for him in that line—he abandoned easel pictures and commenced his series of religious works with the great canvas of *Christ before Pilate*, which, not being able to finish it in time for the Salon of 1881, he exposed in the Sedelmeyer gallery. The probably unfortunate popular success which greeted it confirmed him in this determination; two years later, he produced *Calvary*, and both pictures were purchased by a Philadelphia merchant, Mr. Wanamaker, for, it is said, the sums of a hundred and fifty thousand and a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, respectively. At the Exposition Universelle of 1889, they secured him a Grand Prix.

In 1886 appeared *Mozart's Requiem*, exhibited with an even more ingenious *mise en scène* and welcomed with the same popular applause. In this case, the painting was exhibited at the end of a sort of chapel in the artist's own magnificent hotel in the Avenue de Villiers, and when the spectators had assembled, an invisible orchestra furnished music behind the curtains. Munkácsy boldly justified this species of *réclame*: “. . . Why, yes, I believe as much in the alliance of the plastic arts with music as in that of literature and music. Music! It alone gives

life and charm to the work of art, because it communicates to it the thrill, gives it movement, makes it vibrate. And you may well believe that when I caused to be executed sonatas and *sonatines* at the exhibition to the public of my *Mozart's Requiem* it was in order to give to my picture a greater force of impression, of sensation. . . .” However, if we may believe the French and English critics, the somewhat sensational success obtained by these large canvases exhibited in this somewhat sensational manner was considerably greater in America than elsewhere; and in Europe both the art lovers and the public watched with anxiety the gradual diminution of the artist's powers, whilst his feverish activity remained unimpaired. His large decoration for the Hungarian Houses of Parliament, *Arpád*, for which he was paid the equivalent of a hundred thousand dollars, was nevertheless received with enthusiastic manifestations of admiration in Budapest, and the artist was granted letters of nobility. The last of his immense Scriptural canvases, *Ecce Homo*,—at the moment of signing which he misspelt his name,—was, like the others, exhibited in a gloomily draped room with all the light concentrated on the canvas, and was received with much the same popular appreciation. It was so exhibited in London in 1898, at the same time as Dagnan-Bouveret's *Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus*. Toward the end of 1896, he was attacked by general paralysis and an incurable mental ailment. His funeral was celebrated in Budapest in May, 1900, at the expense of the State; the funeral car, the same which had served for Kossuth, was preceded and followed by an imposing cortège, the Bishop of Temesvar pronounced the final benediction, and the Minister of Public Worship, the funeral oration: “We have come here, all of us, to render thanks to thee for that which thou hast done for the resurrection of the nation and for her glory. Thy talent has rendered the fatherland greater. Thou hast charmed the entire world with thy creations. Ransomed from the terrestrial dust, may thy genius, more resplendent than ever, enter now into eternity!”



LOUIS MARK

EN CABINET PARTICULIER

PHOTOGRAVURE

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In the Paris Exposition, Munkácsy's work is represented only by two small landscapes, one of them the harvesting of a field of corn, and the other a twilight effect, and in which the traces of the famous technique are visible in the tendency of the tones to blackness and in the vigorous brush-work. Not many others of the historical names already cited appear in the pages of the catalogue of the Hungarian section, the walls of which present, on the whole, rather a brilliant modern air. The veteran Székely is represented by a very graceful, full-length, life-size *Source*, issuing apprehensively from her cleft in the rocks, that has all the appearance of a young man's picture; and Horovitz, by three very good portraits, one of the Countess Andrassy, and one of his young daughter, in a red dress. The portraits in general display a certain distinction and forcefulness that render them very noticeable in the works of this contemporary school. Some of the most excellent of them are those by the painter Philip, or Fülöp, Elek László, who has just passed his thirtieth year, and who has received one of the Exposition's gold medals. He lives in Berlin, and is preferred by some of the amateurs of that capital to the Viennese artist, Angeli, whose fame his rivals; one of his best works is considered to be the portrait of the venerable Imperial Chancellor, Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, which appears at the Exposition, and was lauded by the French critics at the Salon of 1899. Here also may be seen his portrait of the present Pope, very delicate and just in the flesh painting, and a superb presentation of Cardinal Rampolla, vivid in its semblance of reality, even to the slight cast in the eye, and with the difficult problem of the reds admirably managed. Almost equally well rendered are the blacks and the whites in the two portraits of ladies arrayed in those opposing tones, by Károly Lotz,—the science of the brush-work supplemented by a saving grace of feminine character expressed in the figures. Indeed, an excellence in the appreciation and rendering of female heads seems to be one of the national art qualities,—the character of the fair sitter being apparently most justly expressed, so

that the spectator is enabled to decide promptly whether this might or might not be the She of his aspirations. Here, for example, is Artur Ferraris painting, in a circular frame, and in good clear color, the portraits of *Ma Femme et Ma Fillette*,—the wife a pleasant, pretty young woman with a broad face, and the *fillette*, a charming, very little maid with alert round dark eyes and straggling silky red hair. Károly Ziegler, in a large canvas, paints in a decorative way, with flat tones, another very attractive young woman, somewhat quicker-witted, black-haired and meditative, seated in profile, with her hands on her knees. Bertalan Karlovsky renders against a gold background, and with a wonderful finish, like painting on ivory, his distinguished sitters, as Madame de Szemere and Madame Heltai,—his carefulness of detail not interfering in the least with the presentation of the sitter on broad lines.

Very good portraits also are the two studies of girl's heads by Aladár Kriesch and Fülöp Szenes, with the somewhat arbitrary titles, *Convalescence* and *Lost Happiness*,—and bearing a curious resemblance, both in the character of the sitters and in the painting of them, to American canvases. These two pictures would pass anywhere as representative works from an exhibition of the Society of American Artists. Gyula Kardos poses in a very handsome arrangement,—with a big-flowered gown, an Oriental table-cloth, and a great jar of camellias, a younger girl, who buries herself in her book, like a good model, with every appearance of the deepest interest. And Ferencz Innocent presents us with a pleasant-faced young Dutch girl,—somewhat conventionally pleasant-faced,—seated with her book and her beads against a great bed of tall poppies. (This painting is attributed, in the official French catalogues, under the title of *Jeune Fille des régions du Balaton*, to Otto Baditz. The French and the German catalogues differ on many points concerning the artists and their works, and neither of them is reliable.)

The excellence of these portrait-painters is not confined to their presentation of women. In addition to those already mentioned, there are

entitled to consideration other works, such as the rendering of the fine head of *The Master Károly Lotz*, by Ede Balló, somewhat black in the shadows; the portrait of a man, also dark, by Károly Ferenczy; the portrait of his grandmother, by József Rippl-Rónai, sombre and impressive in its low tones. This is a good number of able portraitists for a school of painting without traditions or a history.

In what are generally called the fields of the imagination, the Hungarian painters, rather strangely, do not seem to shine with as much



EDE BALLÓ. CAIN AND ABEL

brilliancy as their neighbors, the Viennese, or even as the smaller group of the painters of Croatia and Slavonia. Of the more serious work, one of the very best examples is the *Cain and Abel*, of László Hegedüs, painted in a warm light, very strong and skilful in the brush-work, and simple and dramatic in effect. The two brothers, in their primitive nakedness, stand in the late afternoon on each side of the rock that serves as their rude altar; the smoke and incense of the younger's sacrifice rise straightly toward heaven, while the elder stands with bowed head before the beaten-down vapor of his own rejected offering. The subsequent tragedy is not even hinted at; the very overwhelming cause of Cain's anger and jealousy and mortification—quite overlooked in all the subsequent histories of his crime—is here presented with something like apologetic fervor. Of the lighter, Pagan, themes, more congenial to many varieties of the artistic temperament, an example may be found in the *Nymph* of Lajos Kunfi, rendered in pastel, posing herself in the late twilight on the beach of a curving bay; the *Golden Age* of János Vaszary, much more elaborately presented, with a learned little composition, a pleasant greenish tone of color and a handsome decorative frame, passes in a wooded valley garnished—with a pardonable anachronism—with the latest statues of the Græco-Roman art. The much larger and more elaborate compositions of Lajos Márk seem to testify to a more heavy-footed imagination,—a certain thin and much-worn theme being made to do duty for a very labored work. In the big canvas called *Seduction*, or the *Cabinet particulier*, our old friend Don Juan reappears, in modern dress, seated moodily beside his champagne, and beset by a perfectly innumerable multitude of ladies, in a great variety of costumes. Those which are real,—if any are,—and those which are only the creatures of his memory or his imagination, are not sufficiently differentiated;—there is no moral, which is unimportant, and no particular point, and though these considerations have nothing to do with the very difficult technical rendering of the complex grouping and lighting, they have much to do



ISIDORE KAUFMANN
“SHABBATH”

PHOTOGRAVURE



in estranging our sympathies. In the *Nest of Sirens*, the theme is even more bald,—the Sirens, the size of life, are nude, and rather realistic and un-beautiful, and they are grouped, in various attitudes, on the edge of the sea, at the foot of some cliffs, while Man—in the conventional personifications—appears on the heights above and offers them jewelry and other trinkets. It would seem that this painter's good painting is rather wasted.

In the more familiar scenes of daily life, it may be noticed, here as elsewhere, that the smaller and less pretentious canvases are very generally more sincere and more moving than the big and declamatory ones,—though the latter are not numerous. One of the largest—for a work of art can be declamatory in intent and in veiled menace to the existing order of things, although there are no gestures and no noise and only a studied, and somewhat theatrical, sullenness and gloom—is Imre Révész's *Panem!*, a multitude of workmen, of the size of life, waiting in a vast sombre plain. Kings and Kaisers might well look askance at this quiet but subversive picture, while before another painting with the same title, the *Daily Bread* of Döme Skutezky, the most uneasy head could wear its crown in peace. In a vast foundry or manufactory of caldrons, the great variety and picturesqueness of which afford the painter an excellent opportunity of displaying his skill in rendering still-life, the proprietor and his wife and his workmen behind him are all taking peacefully their noonday meal. The baby at the breast is also taking his. It is not altogether because one picture breathes Content, and the other, Discontent, that one is better art than the other (the technical qualities being supposed to be equal); for contentment is very frequently a base and ignoble state of mind. Still another phase of the endless social question is presented in another important canvas, by Károly Kernstock, representing a professional agitator orating fiercely to some deeply interested workmen, founders and others, in the canteen of the factory,—a very vigorous piece of painting. But the artist here also

has no gospel of hate to preach, his agitator is evidently an untrustworthy fellow, and there is no social overturning advocated by this canvas, robust and forceful as it is. Of the domestic scenes, placid and otherwise, there are many produced by the painters of this school,—one of the best known of which is Adolf Fényes. His *Family*, at the Ex-



ADOLF FÉNYES. PORTRAIT OF MRS. LA...

position, is one of the pictures most commented upon in the commentaries of the day,—“a strong and melancholy work, which reveals a colorist and an artist with deep emotions;” “a sober work, broadly and originally conceived and executed, and full of real strength,” etc. The figures, seen in half-light, are painted with a full brush and with a rich but subdued color. This picture has been pronounced one of the best in the Hungarian section.

Less of a painter's picture, much thinner and more naïve, and also more sincere,

is another of these better representative examples, the communion service in a village church, by István Csók. There is considerable skill in composition, not much in the selection of the types, with one or two exceptions, but the atmosphere and sentiment of the scene are quite justly conveyed. In the *Repentance* of Ludmilla Flesch-Csúzy, a very well-rendered lamp-lit interior, in which the situation is not very tragic notwithstanding the fair penitent's burst of tears and burying

of her head in her hands on the table, we are more impressed by the good painting than by the possible shipwreck of a household. Quite as moving is the utter forlornness and melancholy of István Réti's little group of Bohemians celebrating their Christmas eve abroad, in their bare little sleeping-room, staring moodily at the lamp. József Koszta contrives to introduce something of a new note in the familiar modern big, well-painted, none-too-interesting, canvas of peasants in the open air by putting in the centre of his composition a couple struggling for a kiss, unmindful of the scythe over their heads, but the whole thing could have been done as well one-quarter of the size. Béla Grünwald, who is distinctly one of the colorists of this school, with no incident at all, a small study of the back of a nude boy seated on the brow of a hill against the sky, produces a glowing little color scheme; and his evening landscape, a farm-house and figures, is lit by a most mellow and luminous orange moon. The chosen people find their pictorial historian in Izidor Kaufmann, who paints the synagogues and their worshippers with a fidelity that carefully avoids exaggeration.

In sculpture, the contemporary Hungarian school (as we have seen, there is practically no other Hungarian one) is undoubtedly very strong, and covers practically the whole field, from the heroic monumental to the decorative genre. The great names are those of János Fadrusz, Alajos Strobl, and György Zala, who have all received Grands Prix at the Exposition, and József Róna, who was awarded a gold medal. Zala is represented by some draped mourning figures for the tomb of the poet Eugène Csukássy; the two classic figures of heroic size, personifying Glory conducting Science (or *vice versâ*); an archangel Gabriel, also of heroic size, advancing and holding aloft a bishop's cross and an imperial crown and not at all imposing notwithstanding his size and his displayed wings; a rather clumsy statue of *Hungaria*, in chain armor, presenting a wreath, and two half-length portrait busts of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the latter very handsome. Much more *intime* and sincere is

the talent of Strobl, as displayed by his marble statue of *Our Mother*, an old lady seated and reading her Bible, touching in its homely sentiment, and his marble and bronze busts, one of which is of the tragédienne Marie Jászai. Róna ranges from the monumental to the bric-a-brac, and his contributions to the latter are admirable, displaying a complete knowledge of his art and a suppleness and originality of invention that are surprising. The crying baby in its mother's lap, in marble, is a marvel of expression; the *Dernier Amour*, a nude Anacreon, seated and embracing his wine-jar, is worthy of Gérôme, and the *Music Lesson*, also a large statuette in bronze, is both classic and grotesque in its grace and its whimsicality. The pupil, a nude nymph, holding a long trumpet and smiling appreciatively, is seated in front of her instructor, the goat-legged, her elbows in his lap; he, with his Pan-pipes in one hand and indicating the time with the other, is puckering his horned and bearded head into a very ecstasy of whistling. Never was the *insouciance*, the primitive joyfulness, of that "very long time ago" better rendered by a modern artist. Less excellent, but also spirited and original, is the *Petit Entêté* of György Kiss, a hairy little faun squirming and bawling in his father's lap at the unappreciated music of the pipes. The same sculptor also exposes a very good and characteristic study of the head of an old man.

Of this lighter art, there are other good examples,—the head of a baby, with open eyes and mouth, emerging from its coverings, evidently inspired by Jean Carriès, by Béla Radnai; the panel in high-relief of two peasant lovers kissing each other vehemently, or, rather, of one kissing the other, not much against her will, by Ede Telcs; the excellent bronze study, by Gyula Bezerédi, of a bull-dog closing in deadly combat with a flea upon his back. There is also a very well modelled group by Lajos Barcza of a peasant-girl seated flat on the ground and stuffing food down the throat of an unwilling goose, with an eye to future patés. And of the serious, and more or less academical art, in addition to those already cited, in this representative collection, the spectator stops before the

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robust nude slave, grasping a fragment of rock and breathing vengeance, of István Tóth; the large group, in copper, in the great court of the Grand Palais of a Hungarian *tchikoch*, or *csikós*, mastering his impatient horse, by György Vastagh the younger; and possibly before the somewhat eccentric figure for an electric candelabrum of Rikárd Führer, or his mannered soubrette in a species of Watteau costume.

As there is no modern school of painting but what can boast of the number of its good landscapists, the Hungarians are in no ways deficient in this respect. Indeed, their landscape traditions appear to be very sound,—they do not seem to run after eccentricities or novelties of technique, or after unseemly apostrophizing or declamatory effects in Nature, or even after big canvases. Reasonably-sized studies, generally completed in the open air and before the scene selected, executed in good and judicious methods, and inspired by the real sentiment of the theme,—these are the better landscape-pictures which they exhibit. Their range is sufficiently wide,—a very solidly constructed hill-side, russet and sombre, streaked at the top with melting snow and mounting high against a gray sky, by Pál Szinyei-Merzse; the white and gray ruined walls of a convent, worthy of Böcklin, rising from an abandoned islet in the midst of a lonely lake, and mirrored in the still waters, by Odön Kacziány; another lake, wooded and silent, plunged in the gathering gloom of a summer twilight and lit only by a great white cloud that suddenly looms above the tree-tops, by Andor Dudits; and, for contrast, a much larger canvas, a long and beflowered meadow glimmering in the last dusty golden rays of the sinking sun in which the round heads of the meadow-flowers glow like little dusty golden balls, painted by Artur Tölgyessy. As in most contemporary schools of painting, these low-toned and twilight effects have a peculiar charm for the painters,—Károly Ferenczy, in a little picture that might have been painted by the English Edward Stott, makes a wonderful, mysterious effect with two white horses being led down to their evening draught in a little stream

under the trees; Ferencz Olgyay, inspired rather by the Barbizon school, profiles his row of clumped little trees against a darkening gray sky. Another clever painter, Aladár Edvi Illés, who works in water-colors with great breadth and justness of tones, also paints twilights appreciatively, but before the light has so much diminished, and very frequently seeking his appropriate effect by the silence and loneliness of farm buildings and outhouses at that hour. Hugo Poll exhibits a pastel very similar in tonality, but of a little rustic church, the foreground occupied by the large wooden crosses over the graves. These Danubian artists probably do not, but they should, render thanks daily that in their happy country the rural edifices are constructed, not of clapboards but of stone and stucco, and so adapt themselves to the landscape and to the needs of the landscape-painters.

Of those enamored of the more prosaic daylight, one of the most talented is Ferencz Szikszay, who strives with very good success to render the soft, clear grayness and the deceiving warmth of early spring,—as in his *Printemps* at the Exposition, with its meditative young person in a red dress seated on the hill-side, under the flowering fruit-trees. This rendering of atmosphere and temperature by opaque pigments is one of the triumphs of art. Lajos Szlányi, for example, paints wind,—not merely the bending trees and the dishevelled hay-rick, but the sensation of wind in the air, the peculiar color and quality of a windy sky. Sometimes also he paints big black *Night*. Dániel Mihalik renders not only the sombre sentiment of autumn, but also the peculiarly unsentimental, unimaginative, unintrospective aspect of a snowy clearing in the woods on a clear, cold winter's day. Never is Nature less communicative and sympathetic than in such a day and scene,—it is not that the hamadryads and the other sylvan gods have all been frozen out and fled, it is as though they had never been there, and that none could ever come. A shifting of the isothermal lines of the globe would have robbed us of the whole Grecian mythology. Finally, another painter, Ferencz Paczka,



GÉZA VASTAGH BULLS FIGHTING

transports us to Biblical lands in a very curious and impressive scene. The animal painters are not so numerous, but they are also frequently landscape-painters and painters of the human figure as well, as these artists should be,—as in Géza Vastagh's large and spirited canvas representing two of the long-horned native bulls fighting fiercely in an arid summer plain while the herdsmen lash them in vain and the small dog cheers them on.

That very important Hungarian contribution to war and to art, the hussar, receives his apotheosis in the grand Salle des Hussards in the handsome national pavilion on the south side of the Seine, and at the hands of a painter quite worthy of this epic record, Pál Vágó. All along the great wall facing the windows, on the left of the entrance, stretches a galloping cavalcade,—in the background, the hussars of all nations, that have imitated the Hungarian, his tactics, his lightness, his plumed shako, his laced and flying jacket, and in the foreground those of Hungary, of all ages, all defiling at the *pas de charge*. In the corner at

the left, below, the future hussars are seen in the tchikoch (csikós) directing their herds of horses, riding at full speed; and in the corner at the right, before the camp-fire, the veterans relate the great feats of arms of the past, the heroes of which disengage themselves from the smoke to defile before the spectator. Across the end wall of the salle, at the same height and above the central niche with its pointed arch, there comes a furious charge of this contemporary national cavalry, like a whirlwind. In the rectangular panels above the windows on the other long wall, are celebrated by other hands various historical episodes in which the hussars have distinguished themselves; and on tables and in cases throughout the hall are placed innumerable little statuettes, in various materials, of these typical warriors in every variety of their picturesque costume. In the national section in the Grand Palais, Vágó exhibits an easel painting, almost equally spirited, a joyous company of peasants driving home over a dusty summer road, the five horses at a hard trot, the little colt running at speed, and the musicians in the back of the wagon still fiddling and fluting, despite the jolting. In these canvases, this painter displays nearly all the required painter's qualities,—sympathy with his theme, courage and invention, composition, sound draftsmanship, and very good color and tone.

It is too much to expect that all these can be found in every important work of art. In the large canvas by Arpád Feszty, in which the painter has undertaken to represent, once more, the familiar Biblical subject of the holy women mourning over the tomb of the Saviour, it would seem that the religious fervor was missing and that the artist's good technical rendering failed because it was not vivified by any *souffle*. From this it does not follow that he was unable to feel the passion of his theme, but only that he was not able to express it. This may happen also with less important subjects, as in another considerable canvas in these galleries, the *Wedding Procession* of Lajos Ebner, in which we are greatly impressed by the bride's new boots; or in the well-painted interior by



GYÖRGY ZALA

GLORY ACCOMPANYING SCIENCE

Group Forming Part of a Millennium Monument

PHOTOGRAVURE

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Jenő Jendrassik, in which the nice young model seated at the desk, with the torn letters on the floor before her, has not succeeded well enough in impersonating the forlorn damsel whose lover has departed. But in general these genre painters tell their story clearly enough,—as in the touch of pathos of Oszkár Glatz's peasant-woman and son climbing the hill in the twilight laden with fire-wood, the mother stooping under her heavy burden, and the boy with his load duly apportioned to the strength of his small back. The appropriate human interest, and a very great skill in expressing in a well-varied composition many shades of action and character, distinguish a long canvas with some dozen figures, by Arthur Halmi, in which some little girls, with their mothers and attendants, gather cheerfully around the circular tables in a well-lit restaurant after some school examination. An old gentleman in the corner by the window glances up appreciatively from his newspaper. Otto Baditz has found a more sombre theme in the interrogation, by a young magistrate, of a comely peasant-girl who has offended the law, and who stands sullen and hesitating before his persistent demands. The fishermen find their chroniclers among these inland painters, as elsewhere in all contemporary art,—Izsák Perlmutter renders the Hollanders with vigorous brush-work and solid color, and Oszkár Mendlik, those of the Adriatic, toiling at their nets in an open boat in a heavy sea and under a lowering sky. The contemporary art of Hungary does not seem to have suffered much for want of a past.

At the Paris Exposition, the various exhibitions of this art, in all its manifestations, have been received by the French critics with every evidence of appreciation and more than good will. "In the Austrian section," says M. E. Grosjean-Maupin, in the *Matin*, "there may be seen also good portraits and handsome landscapes; but the Hungarian section is more original and more interesting,—above all, when we remember that the art of Hungary was born but yesterday, and that its awakening dates from 1840." M. Gabriel Mourey, the expert, in a series of notices



LADY IN WHITE

of the decorative art shown at the Exposition, says: "To see, in all the groups of the Exposition, whether in the Grand Palais, on the Quai des Nations, or at the Invalides, Hungary bringing to us, alone, independently of her political suzerain, that which she considers as the best of herself and the best adapted to give to us an exact notion of her past, of her arts, of her social life, of her thoughts, of her soul, in a word, has been a cause of surprise only to those who, misunderstanding the history of the Hungarian people, have been able to entertain doubts of her vitality and of her treasures of energy, and have been ignorant of the truly admirable efforts which a group of writers, of men in politics and of artists, have been making within the last few years to liberate the Magyar nation from Austrian influence,—that is to say, from German influence." And he continues: ". . . In the

Hungarian pavilion on the Rue des Nations, among these masterpieces of the ancient goldsmiths' work, among these bindings and these illuminations, there may be felt the ardent soul, the heroic soul, enamored of liberty and of beauty, of this people; . . . it is less in the forms than in the ornamentation of these works of admirable art that it is most apparent. These traditions still live, I have been told, in the provinces and the country districts of Hungary; there may be discovered, constantly, it appears, potteries, embroideries, jewels, carved wood-work, objects of daily use, manufactured by the peasants, in which these persist;—as in the popular songs of all countries beats the heart of the race, it is in these works of popular art that the artists of to-day can the most surely discover the secret and the formula of that decorative art with which they hope to endow their country."

This great international gathering is the first in which Hungary has appeared as a separate competitor, measuring her progress in the arts of civilization, her productions, with the great powers of Europe. All the pride of the Magyar people was enlisted in this enterprise, and the greatest efforts were made by all classes to thus demonstrate their title to figure among the nations. The government, headed by the Emperor-King himself, who is one of the important exhibitors, the large cities, the great lords, the bishops, the private individuals, all the exhibitors, have manifested a zeal which has not cooled during two years of preparation. From both public and private treasures have been extracted the most priceless objects, hitherto guarded jealously. At the formal inauguration of the national pavilion, in the latter part of April, all the members of the commissariat-general, the directors of the national museums, the professors of the university of Budapest, placed themselves at the disposal of the invited guests to explain to them the origin of the many exhibits of this civilization which has endured through ten centuries despite so many vicissitudes. The very exterior of the pavilion has been intended as a résumé of the various epochs of the national history. The façades

are careful copies of some of the most important examples of the national architecture. The entrance portal is a reproduction of that of the church of the abbey of Jaák; the tower, with heavy courses of stone, is taken from the church of a fortified castle, the arcades are those of the hôtel de ville of Lœcz, the crenelated battlements are those of the house of Rákóczy, the windows, of another hôtel de ville, the tower, of an orthodox Servian church of Budapest, a panel of the wall, from the château of Hunyad. Roman, Gothic, Renaissance, and baroque, all commingled in one not inharmonious whole,—as they have been in the life of the nation.





CARL JANSSEN THE ELF
Statuette of bronze & copper

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